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WHAT THOUGH AGE O'ERTAKE THEE.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

WHAT though age o'ertake thee,
Beauty leave thy brow;
Could I e'er forsake thee,
Love thee less than now?
Once the flower is planted,
Though its leaves decay,
Yet the root, enchanted,
Clings unto the clay.

What though age o'ertake thee,
Though thy hair grow white;
Weary years, love, shake thee,
And thine eyes lose light?
Still thy heart remaineth,
Faithful in its truth;
Still thy voice retaineth
Sounds of early youth.

What though age o'ertake thee,
Summer days will fly;
Yet the Sun shall wake thee,
From the Winter's sky;
As the Sun then shineth,
On the leafless tree,
So my spirit twineth,
Ever, love, round thee.

What though age o'ertake thee,
Beauty leave thy brow;
Could I e'er forsake thee,
Love thee less than now?
Once the flower is planted,
Though its leaves decay,
Yet the root, enchanted,
Clings unto the clay.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

AUTUMNAL SONNET.

BY W. ALLINGHAM.

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt;
And night by night the monitory blast
Wails in the keyhole, telling how it passed
Through empty fields, from upland solitudes,
Or wave scarce lonelier; and the power is felt
Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods
Than any joy indulgent Summer dealt.
Dear friends, together in the glimmering eve,
Pensive and glad, with tones that recognize
The soft invisible dew in each one's eyes,
It may be, somewhat thus we shall have leave
To walk with memory, when distant lies
Poor Earth, where we were wont to live and
grieve.

Oxford, Sept. 20.

NINETY-NINTH BIRTH-DAY OF THE PRINCIPAL OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE. — Dr. Routh, the venerable President of Magdalen College, entered upon his ninety-ninth year, and, according to annual custom, invited a select party to dine with him, in commemoration of the event. The learned and venerable divine some months since entered upon the 63d year of his office as president, having been elected to that office in April, 1791. To this announcement, which we believe to be without parallel in the annals of the University, we are glad to be able to add that Dr. Routh continues to enjoy good health. He has lately bestowed a choristership on a boy whose grandfather he admitted to that office sixty years ago. The following complimentary lines are,

we understand, from the pen of one of the fellows of Magdalen College :—

In studious cares a century well-nigh past,
Three generations Routh's fresh powers outlast ;
A Nestor's snows his reverend temples grace,
A Nestor's vigor in his mind we trace.
Judgment not yet on her tribunal sleeps ;
Her faithful record cloudless memory keeps ;
Nor eye, nor hand, their ministry decline
The lettered toils or service of the Nine.
Yet, through his heart the genial current goes,
Yet, in his breast the warmth of friendship glows ;
On rites of hospitality intent
Toward Christian courtesy his thoughts are bent ;
While from those lips, which guile nor flattery
know,
" Prophetic strains" of " old experience" flow.
A blessing rest upon thy sacred head,
Time-honored remnant of " the mighty dead,"
Through whom Oxonia's sons exulting trace
Their stainless lineage from a better race.
Still may thy saintly course their beacon shine,
Still round their heart-strings thy meek wisdom
twine,
Still be their loyal, loving homage thine,
And tardy may the heavenward summons come,
Which calls thee from thy sojourn to thy home.

ST. STEPHEN'S CROWN.—In the same box with the crown of Hungary were discovered the originals of *Fourteen Coronation Oaths*, sworn to and subscribed by the ancestors of the present Emperor of Austria. The advisers of his majesty have felt much difficulty in deciding what shall be done with these interesting historical documents.

The discovery of the crown in precisely the same condition as it was in when placed on the head of Ferdinand the Vth at the moment he solemnly swore to maintain all the ancient rights and privileges of the Hungarian nation, has of course disposed of the fables fabricated in Vienna about Kossuth having carried off the crown in his carpet-bag, sold the jewels and put the money into his pocket. But as the story found credit or acceptance in England, even among some who aspire to direct the public mind of the country, at a moment when it was especially necessary for Austria to prevent any intervention on the part of the English government in favor of the Hungarians, the labor of the calumniators has by no means been thrown away.

Whether the coronation oath taken by King Ferdinand has been kept with the same fidelity as the Hungarian crown has been preserved by Kossuth, we leave for those to decide who hold that no amount of condescension is too great which can secure to England so independent and faithful an ally as Austria has ever shown herself. — *Examiner*.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.—The most curious thing in the city, despite the brown-skinned and long-tailed Celestials, is a little brown bird, of about the size of a robin, kept in a wire-cage at the

book-store of Messrs. D. B. Cooke & Co. It is the American mocking-bird (*Turdus Orpheus*). We give the scientific name both to show our learning, and to enable some to know what bird we mean, since there are other birds called by the same common name. This little *Turdus* looks as though he might chirrup about a three-cent ditty on a rail-fence by a Scandinavian stable ; but just stop a minute and hear him. There will be a canary's song, better than a canary can give it ; then the twitter of a swallow, then the cluck of a hen, then the mew of a cat, the bark or squeal of a dog—then snatches of the notes of thrushes, blue-jays, tomtits, crows, kingbirds, owls, meadow-larks, and every other conceivable biped which flies and makes a noise. Whether the fellow has heard all these, and picked up their tunes—or whether he just sets his song-mill in motion, and lets it go where it will, and it runs perforce of its own accord into all these channels, we cannot tell. If the first is true, he has a singular memory ; if the latter, his machine has queer gearing. At all events, he is better worth going to see and hear than either the Fat Woman, the Learned Pig, Steffanone's Concert, or the Chinese Twins. — *Prairie Farmer*.

PEBBLES PICKED UP AT THE SEA-SHORE, BY A SENTIMENTAL OLD YOUNG LADY.—One's existence down here is divided between donkey-riding and novel-reading—pretty exercises for the mind and body ! It would be difficult to say which were the slowest—the donkeys or the novels. It's very strange, but how extremely rare it is you come across a donkey or a novel that's in the least moving !

Youth writes its hopes upon the sand, and Age advances, like the sea, and washes them all out.

We raffle, and raffle our best affections away like shillings at the library, and man looks coldly on, and smilingly says, " Better luck, miss, next time."

I am sure that the sand, with which Time has filled his hour-glass, must have been picked up at a watering-place, for nowhere else does the time run on so slowly, or the hours succeed one another with such provoking similarity.

It is very curious that the sea, which brings the color back to our cheeks, generally takes it from our ribbons !

It is the same with dispositions as with bonnets ; it is not every one that can stand the sea-side.

Scandal is a rank weed which is generally found in great profusion near the sea-coast.

A watering-place is a harbor of refuge, that we, poor weak vessels, after having been tossed about for nine months in the year, are obliged, during the other three, to put into for repairs.

I am frequently reminded, when I see a party about to start in a pleasure-boat, of the effect of a London season. Every one is so gay and blooming, so full of health and spirits at the starting, but how pale, dejected, dragged, drenched, and fairly sickened they look, if you chance to see them returning at the end of it ! — *Punch*.

From the Quarterly Review.

Louis XVII., sa Vie, son Agonie, sa Mort; Captivité de la Famille Royale au Temple, ouvrage enrichi d'Autographes, de Portraits, et de Plans. Par M. A. de BEAUCHESNE. 2 vols. Paris. 1852. [Republished in English by Harper & Brothers.]

THE deep obscurity that covered the last eighteen months of the life of the son of Louis XVI., and the mystery in which his death and burial were so strangely and, as it seemed, so studiously involved, gave to the general sympathy that his fate naturally excited an additional and somewhat of a more romantic interest. Of the extent of this feeling we have evidence more conclusive than respectable in the numerous pretenders that have successively appeared to claim identity with him. We really forget how many there have been of these "*Faux-Dauphins*," but four—of the names of Hervagault, Bruneau, Naundorf, and Richemont—played their parts with a degree of success that confirms the observation that, however great the number of *knaves* in the world may be, they are always sure to find an ample proportion of *fools and dupes*. Not one of these cases appeared to us to have reached even the lowest degree of probability, nor would they be worth mentioning but that they seem to have stimulated the zeal of M. A. Beauchesne to collect all the evidence that the fury of the revolution and the lapse of time might have spared, as to the authentic circumstances of his life and death in the Tower of the Temple.

M. de Beauchesne states that a great part of his own life has been dedicated to this object. He has—he tells us—made himself familiar with all the details of that mediæval prison-house; he has consulted all the extant records of the public officers which had any connection with the service of the Temple—he has traced out and personally communicated with every surviving individual who had been employed there, and he has even sought second-hand and hearsay information from the octogenarian neighbors and acquaintances of those who were no more. This statement would lead us to expect more of novelty and originality than we have found—for, in truth, M. de Beauchesne has added little—we may almost say nothing essential—to what had been already so copiously detailed in the respective memoirs of MM. Hue, Cléry, and Turgy, and of the Duchess d'Angoulême, who were inmates of the Temple, and in the *Mémoires Historiques* of M. Eckard, which is a judicious and interesting summary of all the fore-named authorities. From these well-known works M. de Beauchesne borrows full three-fourths of his volumes, and, though he occasionally cites them, he does not ac-

knowledge the extent of his obligations—particularly to M. Eckard—as largely as we think he should have done. An ordinary reader is too frequently at a loss to distinguish what rests on M. de Beauchesne's assertions from what he copies from others. This uncertainty—very inconvenient in an historical work—is seriously increased by his style of writing, which is so *ampoulé* and rhetorical as sometimes leaves us in doubt whether he is speaking literally or metaphorically; for instance, in detailing the pains he has taken, and his diligent examination of persons and places from which he could hope any information, he exclaims:—

For twenty years I shut myself up in that tower—I lived in it—traversed all its stairs and apartments, nay, pried into every hole and corner about it.—p. 4.

Who would suppose that M. de Beauchesne never was in the Tower at all—perhaps never saw it!—for it was demolished by Bonaparte, and the site built over, near fifty years ago. He only means that his *fancy* has inhabited the Tower, &c., in the same sense that he afterwards says—

I have repeopled it—I have listened to the sighs and sobs of the victims—I have read from the writings on the walls the complaints, the pardons, the farewells!—I have heard the echoes repeating these wailings.—Ib.

Such a style may not be, we admit, inconsistent with the truth of his narrative; but it renders it vague and suspicious, and contrasts very disagreeably with the more interesting simplicity of the original works to which we have referred.

M. de Beauchesne flatters himself that he is neither credulous nor partial. We think he is somewhat of both, but we entertain no doubt of his sincerity. We distrust his judgment, but not his good faith. Indeed, the most valuable of his elucidations are the documents which he has copied from the revolutionary archives, and which speak for themselves; and, on the whole, the chief merit that we can allow to his work is that it collects and brings together—with some additional explanation and confirmation—all that is known—all perhaps that can be known—of that melancholy, and, to France, disgraceful episode in her history—the Captivity of the Temple, and especially of the life and death of Louis XVII.

Louis Charles, the second son and fourth child of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was born at Versailles on the 27th of March, 1785, and received the title of *Duke of Normandy*. On the death of his elder brother (who was born in 1781, and died in 1789, at the outset of the Revolution) he became heir apparent to the throne, but, in fact, heir to

nothing but persecution, misfortune, and martyrdom. Less partial pens than M. de Beauchesne's describe the child as extremely handsome, large blue eyes, delicate features, light hair curling naturally, limbs well formed, rather tall for his years, with a sweet expression of countenance not wanting in either intelligence or vivacity — to his family he seemed a little angel — to the court a wonder — to all the world a very fine and promising boy. We not only forgive, but can assent to, M. de Beauchesne's metaphorical lament over him as a lily broken by a storm and withered in its earliest bloom.*

Within two hours after the death of the first dauphin (on the 4th of June, 1789) the revolution began to exhibit its atrocious disregard of not merely the royal authority, but of the ordinary dictates of humanity and the first feelings of nature. The chamber of the *Tiers Etat* (it had not yet usurped the title of *National Assembly*) sent a deputation on business to the king, who had shut himself up in his private apartment to indulge his sorrow. When the deputation was announced, the king answered that this recent misfortune would prevent his receiving it *that day*. They rudely insisted on their right of audience as representatives of the people; the king still requested to be spared; the demagogues were obstinate — and to the third and more peremptory requisition the unhappy father and insulted monarch was forced to yield, with, however, the touching reproof of asking — "Are there then no fathers among them?"

A month later the Bastille was taken, and on the 6th of October another insurrection stormed the Palace of Versailles, massacred the guards, and led the royal family in captivity to Paris. We pass over the three years of persecution which they had to endure in the palace-prison of the Tuileries till the more tremendous insurrection and massacre of the 10th of August swept away even the mockery of monarchy and sent them prisoners to the Temple — an ancient fortress of the Knights Templars, built in 1212, into the dungeons of which, uninhabited for ages, and less fit for their decent reception than any common prison, they were promiscuously hurried.

Of this edifice, and its internal divisions and distributions for its new destiny, M. de Beauchesne has given us half-a-dozen plans, somewhat larger but hardly so satisfactory as we already possessed in Cléry's work. It was a huge and massive tower, not unlike "the tower of Julius, London's lasting shame," and stood like it in a large inclosure of in-

ferior and more modern constructions. One of these, though called the *Palace*, was in truth only the "Hotel" of the *Prior of the Order*, in right of which nominal office it had been for several years the abode of the penultimate Prince de Conti, and is frequently mentioned in the letters of Walpole and Madame du Deffand, and all the memoirs of the time. It was latterly the town residence of the Comte d'Artois. Here the royal family arrived at seven in the evening of Monday, the 13th of August, and supposed that they were to be lodged — the king even examined the apartments with a view to their future distribution; but this would have been too great an indulgence, and when bedtime came they were painfully surprised at being transferred to the more inconvenient, rigorous, and, above all, *insulting* incarceration of the *Tower*.

The Tower was so surrounded by its own appurtenances and by the neighboring houses that it was not easily visible from the adjoining streets, and it may be doubted whether any of its new inhabitants (unless perhaps the king) had ever set eyes on it. M. Hue tells us that when he was conducted to it that night to prepare a bed for the king he had no idea what it was, and was lost in wonder at the dark and gigantic object, so different from anything he had seen before.

Though appearing to be one, and generally called the Tower, it was composed of two distinct parts. The greater of the two was a massive square, divided into five or six stories and above 150 feet high, exclusive of a lofty pyramidal roof, and it had at each of its four angles large circular turrets with conical roofs, so sharp that M. Hue at first mistook them for steeples. This tower had been of old the *keep* — the treasury and arsenal of the knights, and was accessible only by a single small door in one of the turrets, opening on a winding stone staircase. The door was so low that when the queen, after the king's death, was torn from her children, and dragged through it to her last prison in the Conciergerie, she struck her forehead violently against it. On being asked if she was hurt, she only said, "*Nothing can hurt me now.*" This portion of the tower had in later times merely served as a depository for lumber. The second division of the edifice, called, when any distinction was made, the *Little Tower*, was attached, but without any internal communication, to the north side of its greater neighbor; it was a narrow oblong, with smaller turrets at its salient angles. Both the towers had in a marked degree the dungeon character of their age, but the lesser had been subdivided into apartments for the residence of the Keeper of the Archives of the Order. It was into this side of the building, scantily supplied by the modest furniture of

* This image had been before produced on a medal struck in 1816 by M. Tirollet under the auspices of M. de Chateaubriand, which represented a lily broken by the storm, with the legend *Cecidit et flo.* — Turg, 314.

the archivist, that the royal family were offensively crowded during two or three months, while internal alterations—wholly inadequate for comfort or even decency, and ridiculously superfluous as to security—were in progress in the large tower, destined for their ultimate reception. The Gothic dungeon was not, however, thought sufficiently secure: bars, bolts, and blinds additionally obscured the embrasure windows—doors of ancient oak were made thicker or reinforced with iron, and new ones were put up on the corkscrew stairs already difficult enough to mount. The Abbé Edgeworth, who attended the king in his last moments, thus describes the access to his apartment:—

I was led across the court to the door of the Tower, which, though very narrow and very low, was so overcharged with iron bolts and bars that it opened with a horrible noise. I was conducted up a winding stairs so narrow that two persons would have difficulty in getting past each other. At short distances these stairs were cut across by barriers, at each of which was a sentinel—these sentinels were all true *sans culottes*, generally drunk—and their atrocious acclamations, reëchoed by the vast vaults which covered every story of the tower, were really terrifying.

Considerable works were also undertaken for external security. The Towers were isolated by the destruction of all the lesser buildings immediately near them, and the walls round the whole inclosure were strengthened and raised. The execution of the plans was intrusted, as a boon for his revolutionary zeal, to a mason who had acquired the distinctive appellation of the *Patriot Pally* by the noisy activity which he displayed in the removal of the ruins of the Bastille, for which he had obtained a contract. On the subject of those works a remark of the young prince is related by M. de Beauchesne, which may be taken as one example out of many of the caution with which his anecdotes must be received. When told that Pally was the person employed to raise the walls, the prince is reported to have observed that “*it was odd that he who had become so famous for levelling one prison should be employed to build another.*” * The observation, though obvious enough,

* It is worth observing that at the taking of the Bastille on the 14th July, 1789, there were found but six or seven prisoners, three of them insane, who were afterwards sent to madhouses; the rest for forgery and scandalous offences unfit for public trial. There was no state prisoner. On the 27th of the same month of July, in 1794, the fifth year of liberty, the prisons of Paris contained 8913 prisoners; to this number must be added 2637, who had passed in the preceding year from the prisons to the scaffold. When Bonaparte demolished the Temple, which he had previously used as a state prison, there were seventeen prisoners removed to Vincennes.

seems to us above a child of that age, and, moreover, we find it made by *M. Hue* as his own in a note in his memoirs, and he certainly cannot be suspected of pilfering a *bon mot* from the dauphin.

The selection of this dungeon for the royal family, and the wanton and almost incredible brutality with which from first to last they were all treated by their various jailers, constitute altogether a systematic series of outrages which we have never seen satisfactorily, nor even probably, accounted for. The heads of the king, queen, and Madame Elizabeth fell, we know, in the desperate struggle of Brissot, Roland, Danton, and Robespierre to take each other's and to save their own. But why these royal victims, and after them the two children, should have been deprived of the common decencies and necessities of life—why they should have been exposed to the most sordid wants, to the lowest personal indignities, to the vulgar despotism of people taken (as it were for the purpose) from the lowest orders of society—that is the enigma; and this is our conjectural explanation.

The National Assembly, which had sent the king to prison, and its successor, the Convention, which deposed him, seemed to the eyes of the world sufficiently audacious, tyrannical, and brutal, but there was a power which exceeded them in all such qualities, and under which those terrible Assemblies themselves quailed and trembled—the *Commune* or Common Council of the City of Paris. To this corporation, which arose out of the 10th of August, and directed the massacres of September, the Convention as a body owed its existence, and its most prominent members their individual elections. Inflated with these successes, it arrogated to itself, under its modest *municipal* title, a power insultingly independent even of the Assembly and the government. It was composed, with rare exceptions, of tradesmen of a secondary order—men only known even in their own low circles by the blind and noisy violence of their *patriotism*—by a rancorous enmity to all that they called aristocracy, and by the most intense and ignorant prejudices against the persons and characters of the royal family. To the tender mercies of these vulgar, illiterate, and furious demagogues that family was implicitly delivered over—they it was that, contrary to the original intention of the ministers and the Convention, assigned the Tower of the Temple as the royal prison—they it was that named from amongst themselves all the official authorities, who selected them for their brutality, and changed them with the most capricious jealousy so as to ensure not merely the safe custody of the prisoners, but the wanton infliction of every kind of personal indignity. And to such a degree of insolent independence had they arrived, that even

committees of the Convention which visited the Temple on special occasions were controlled, contradicted, rebuked, and set at defiance by the shoemakers, carpenters, and ehandlers who happened to be for the moment the delegates of the *Commune*. The parties in the Convention were so perilously struggling for the destruction of each other, that they had neither leisure nor courage to grapple with the *Commune*, and they all — and especially the more moderate, already trembling for their own heads — were not sorry to leave to those obscure agents the responsibility and odium of such a persecution.

Assensere omnes; et quæ sibi quisque timebat,
Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulero.
Jamque dies infanda aderat!

But the *infanda dies* — the 21st January — in which they all thus concurred, did not save the Girondins from the 31st October — nor the Dantonists from the 16th Germinal — nor Robespierre from the Neuf Thermidor!

To the usurped, but conceded supremacy of the *Commune*, and the vulgar habits and rancorous feeling of the majority of its members, may, we suspect, be more immediately attributed the otherwise inexplicable brutalities of the Temple.

Every page of the works of Hue, Cléry, Madame Royale, and M. de Beauchesne exhibit proofs of the wanton outrages of the *Commune* and their tools. The last gives us, from the archives of that body, an early instance, which we quote the rather because it was not a mere individual caprice but an official deliberation. In reading it, we must keep in remembrance the peculiar character of the prison.

Commune de Paris, 29th Sept., 1792, the fourth year of Liberty and first of Equality and the Republic.

Considering that the custody of the prisoners of the Temple becomes every day more difficult by the concert and designs which they may form amongst themselves, the Council General of the *Commune* feel it their imperative duty to prevent the abuses which might facilitate the evasion of those traitors; they therefore decree:—

1. That Louis and Antoinette shall be separated.
2. That each prisoner shall have a separate dungeon (*cachot*).
3. That the valet de chambre shall be placed in confinement.
4. That the citizen Hébert [the infamous Hébert, of whose crimes even Robespierre and Danton grew tired or afraid] shall be added to the five existing Commissaries.
5. That this decree shall be carried into effect this evening — immediately — even to taking from them the plate and other table utensils (*argenterie et les accessoires de la bouche*). In a word the

Council General gives the Commissaries full power to do whatever their prudence may suggest for the safe custody of these hostages.

Soup-spoons and silver forks a means of escape? In virtue of this decree the king was removed *that night* to the second story (the third, reckoning the ground floor) of the great tower (his family remaining in the smaller one), where no furniture had been prepared for his use but a temporary bed, while his *valet-de-chambre* sat up in a chair. The dispersion of the rest was postponed; and they were for some time permitted, not without difficulty, to dine with the king. A month later the ladies and children were also transferred to an apartment in the great tower, immediately over the king's. On the 26th October a fresh decree directed that the prince should be removed from his mother's to his father's apartment, under the pretext that the boy was too old (seven years and six months) to be left in the hands of women; but the real object was to afflict and insult the queen.

For a short time after the whole family had been located in the great tower, though separated at night and for a great portion of the day, they were less unhappy — they had their meals together and were allowed to meet in the garden, though always strictly watched and habitually insulted. They bore all such outrages with admirable patience, and found consolation in the exercise of whatever was still possible of their respective duties. The king pursued a regular course of instruction for his son — in writing, arithmetic, geography, Latin, and the history of France — the ladies carried on the education of the young princess, and were reduced to the necessity of mending not only their own clothes, but even those of the king and prince; which, as they had each but one suit, Madame Elizabeth used to do after they were in bed.

This mode of life lasted only to the first week in December, when, with a view no doubt to the *infanda dies*, a new set of commissaries was installed, who watched the prisoners *day and night* with increased insolence and rigor. At last, on the 11th December, the young prince was taken back to the apartment of his mother — the king was summoned to the bar of the Convention, and, on his return in the evening, was met by an order for his total separation from the whole of his family. The absurdity of such an order surprised, and its cruelty revolted, even his patience. He addressed a strong remonstrance to the Convention on the barbarous interdiction; that assembly, on the 1st December, came to a resolution of allowing him to communicate with his family; but it was hardly passed when it was objected to by Tallien, who audaciously announced that, even if they adhered to the vote, the *Commune* would not obey it. This was con-

clusive, and the debate terminated in a declaration "that the king might, till the definitive judgment on his case, see his children, on condition, however, that they should have no communication with either their mother or their aunt." The condition rendered the permission derisory as to his daughter, and the king was so convinced of the grief that a renewed separation from her son would cause to the queen, that he sacrificed his own feelings, and the decree became, as it was meant to be, wholly inoperative. He never saw any of his family again until the eve of his death.

To what we already knew of that scene, M. de Beauchesne has added an anecdote new to us, for which he quotes in his text the direct authority of the Duchess of Angoulême:—

My father, at the moment of parting from us forever, made us promise never to think of avenging his death. He was well satisfied that we should hold sacred these his last instructions; but the extreme youth of my brother made him desirous of producing a still stronger impression on him. He took him on his knee and said to him, "My son, you have heard what I have said; but as an oath has something more sacred than words, hold up your hand, and swear that you will accomplish the last wish of your father." My brother obeyed, bursting out into tears, and this touching goodness redoubled ours. — p. 448.

There can be no doubt that this anecdote represents truly the sentiments of the king — as he had already expressed them in that portion of his will which was specially addressed to his son — but we own that the somewhat dramatic scene here described seems hardly reconcilable with the age of the child or the sober simplicity of his father's character. Nor are we satisfied with M. de Beauchesne's statement of his authority; for, after giving it in the text as directly from the lips or pen of the Duchess d'Angoulême herself, he adds in a foot-note a reference to "*Fragments of unpublished Memoirs of the Duchess of Tourzel*." But as Cléry, who was an anxious eye-witness, and describes minutely the position and attitudes of all the parties, does not mention any such demonstration or gesture, we suspect that this ceremony of an oath is an embroidery on the plain fact as stated by Madame Royale. — *Royal Mem.*, p. 200.*

The next day Louis XVI. ceased to live. He died under the eyes of an hundred thousand enemies and of but one solitary friend — his confessor; yet there was no second opinion in this hostile crowd as to the courage and dignity of his deportment from first to last, and it is only within these few years that we

have heard insinuations, and even assertions (contradictory in themselves), that he exhibited both fear and fury — struggled with his executioner, and endeavored to prolong the scene in the expectation of a rescue. We have against such injurious imputations the sacred evidence of that single friend — the official testimony of the Jacobin Commissioners, who were appointed to superintend the execution, and the acquiescence of the vast assemblage that encircled the scaffold. But M. de Beauchesne has discovered at once the source of this calumny and its complete refutation, in two contemporaneous documents, so curious in every way, that we think them worth producing *in extenso*, though the fact is already superabundantly established without them.

In a newspaper, called *Le Thermomètre du Jour*, of the 13th February, 1793 (three weeks only after the execution), there appeared this anecdote:—

When the *condamné* ascended the scaffold (it is Sanson the executioner himself who has related the fact, and who has employed the term *condamné*), "I was surprised at his assurance and courage; but at the roll of the drums which drowned his voice at the movement of my assistants to lay hold of him, his countenance suddenly changed, and he exclaimed hastily three times, '*I am lost! (Je suis perdu!)*'" This circumstance, corroborated by another which Sanson equally narrated — namely, that "the *condamné* had supped heartily the preceding evening and breakfasted with equal appetite that morning," shows that to the very moment of his death he had reckoned on being saved. Those who kept him in this delusion had no doubt the design of giving him an appearance of courage that might deceive the spectators and posterity; but the roll of the drums dissipated this false courage, and contemporaries and posterity may now appreciate the real feelings of the guilty tyrant. — i. 479.

We — who now know from the evidence of the Abbé Edgeworth and Cléry how the king passed that evening, night, and morning, and that the only break of his fast was by the reception of the Holy Communion — are dispensed from exposing the falsehood and absurdity of this statement; but it met an earlier and even more striking refutation.

Our readers may recollect (Q. R., Dec. 1843, v. 73, p. 250), that Sanson (Charles Henry) was a man more civilized both in manners and mind than might be expected from his terrible occupation. On reading this article in the paper, Sanson addressed the following letter to the editor, which appeared in the *Thermomètre* of the 21st:—

Paris, 20th Feb. 1793,
First year of the French Republic. }

CITIZEN — A short absence has prevented my sooner replying to your article concerning Louis Capet. But here is the exact truth as to what

* See the volume published by Murray in 1823, under the title of "*Royal Memoirs*," in which there is a translation of the Duchess d'Angoulême's most interesting "*Account of what passed in the Temple from the Imprisonment of the Royal Family to the Death of the Dauphin*."

passed. On alighting from the carriage for execution, he was told that he must take off his coat. He made some difficulty, saying that they might as well execute him as he was. On [our] representation that this was impossible, he himself assisted in taking off his coat. He again made the same difficulty when his hands were to be tied, but he offered them himself when the person who accompanied him [his confessor] had told him that it was his last sacrifice [the Abbé Edgeworth had suggested to him that the Saviour had submitted to the same indignity]. Then he inquired whether the drums would go on beating as they were doing. We answered that we could not tell, and it was the truth. He ascended the scaffold, and advanced to the front as if he intended to speak; but we again represented to him that the thing was impossible. He then allowed himself to be conducted to the spot, when he was attached to the instrument, and from which he exclaimed in a loud voice, "*People, I die innocent.*" Then turning round to us, he said, "Sir, I die innocent of all that has been imputed to me. I wish that my blood may cement the happiness of the French people."

These, citizen, were his last and exact words. The kind of little debate which occurred at the foot of the scaffold turned altogether on his not thinking it necessary that his coat should be taken off, and his hands tied. He would also have wished to cut off his own hair. [He had wished to have it done early in the morning by Cléry, but the municipality would not allow him a pair of scissors.]

And, as an homage to truth, I must add that he bore all this with a *sang froid* and firmness which astonished us all. I am convinced that he had derived this strength of mind from the principles of religion, of which no one could appear more persuaded and penetrated.

You may be assured, citizen, that there is the truth in its fullest light. I have the honor to be your fellow-citizen,

SANSON.

This remarkable letter is made additionally interesting by some minute errors of orthography and grammar, which show that it was the unaided production of the writer. M. de Beauchesne adds that Sanson never assisted at another execution, and that he died, *within six months*, of remorse at his involuntary share in the royal murder. The last particular is contrary to all other authorities, and is a strong confirmation of the suspicion forced upon us that M. de Beauchesne is inclined to exaggerate, and, as he thinks, embellish the incidents of his story. Sanson did not die soon after the king's death, not even retire from the exercise of his office till 1795, when he obtained the reversion for his son and a pension for himself (*Dubois, Mem. sur Sanson*). Mercier saw and describes him in the streets and theatres of Paris in 1799 (*Nouv. Tab.*, c. 102), and Dubois states him to have died on the 4th of July, 1806. M. de Beauchesne follows up this certainly erroneous statement by another, which we fear is of the

same class. He says that Sanson *left by his will* a sum for an expiatory mass for the soul of Louis XVI., to be celebrated on the 21st of January in every year; that his son and successor, Henry Sanson, who survived till the 22nd August, 1840, religiously provided for its performance in his parish church of St. Laurent; and when the Revolution of 1830 had repealed the public commemoration of the martyrdom, the private piety of the executioner continued to record *his* horror of the crime. M. de Beauchesne gives no authority for his statement, which, whatever probability it might have had if Sanson had made his will and died within a few months of the king's death, surely requires some confirmation when we find the supposed testator living a dozen years later.

We are now arrived at the *reign of Louis XVII.* His uncle, the Comte de Provence, assumed the regency of his kingdom; the armies of Condé and of La Vendée proclaimed him by his title; and from all the principal courts of Europe, with which France was not already at war, the republican envoys were at once dismissed. In short he was King of France everywhere but in France. There he was the miserable victim of a series of personal privation and ill-usage, such as never, we suppose, were before inflicted on a child of his age, even in the humblest condition of life.

After the death of the king, the family remained together in the queen's apartment, but under equal if not increased supervision and jealousy. M. de Beauchesne has found in the records of the *Commune* a slight but striking instance of the spirit which still presided over the Temple.

Commune of Paris,
Sitting of the 25th Jan. 1792. }

The female citizen Laurent, calling herself the nurse of *Madame Première* [to distinguish the young princess from *Madame Elizabeth*], has solicited the Council to be allowed to see *her child*, now confined in the Temple, and offers to stay with her until it shall be otherwise ordered. The Council General passes to the order of the day, because it *knows nobody of the name of "Madame Première."* — ii., p. 12.

The only indulgence the prisoners received was, that they might put on mourning. When the queen first saw her children in it, she said, "My poor children, you will wear it long, but I forever;" and she never after left her own prison-room, even to take the air for the short interval allowed them, in the garden, because she could not bear to pass the door of the apartment which had been the king's.

The royal prisoners had now no other attendants but a low man of the name of Tison, and his wife, who had been originally sent to the Temple to do the menial and

rougher household work. Their conduct at first had been decent; but at length their tempers became soured by their own long confinement (for they were strictly kept close also), and especially by being suddenly interdicted from receiving the visits of their daughter, to whom they were much attached. These vexations they vented on their prisoners. Tison was, moreover, as might be expected from the selection of him for the service of the Temple, a zealous Republican. He was, therefore, much offended at the sympathy which two of the municipals, Toulan and Lepitre, showed for the captives, and denounced these persons and another converted municipal of the name of Michonis as having undue intelligence with the ladies; and though these men escaped death for the moment, they were all subsequently guillotined on these suspicions. A more rigorous set of commissaries were now installed by Hébert, by whom the royal family were subjected to new interrogations, searches, privations, and indignities. Their condition became so miserable that even the Tisons were shocked at the mischief their denunciations had done, and both soon showed signs of repentance, especially the woman, who actually went mad from anxiety and remorse. She began by falling into a deep and restless melancholy, accusing herself of the crimes she had witnessed, and of the murders which she foresaw of the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the three municipals. The derangement gradually amounted to fury, and she was after some delay removed to a madhouse. One of the strangest vicissitudes of this long tragedy was, that, while the unhappy woman remained in the Temple, the queen and Madame Elizabeth watched over, and endeavored by their charitable care and consolations to soothe the malady of their former persecutor.

The spirit of the new commissaries will be sufficiently exhibited by one anecdote. The little prince (not yet eight years old) had been accustomed to sit at table on a higher chair. One of these men, an apostate priest, Bernard* by name, who had lately been selected to conduct the king to the scaffold, saw in this incident a recognition of the royalty of the child, and took the first opportunity, when the prisoners were going to dinner, of seating himself on that very chair. Even Tison was revolted and had the courage to remonstrate with Bernard, representing that the child could not eat comfortably on a lower chair; but the fellow persisted, exclaiming aloud, "I never before saw prisoners indulged with chairs and tables. Straw is good enough for them." (p. 49.) And, strangest of all, after what we have seen of the state of the Temple, new walls and works were made

externally, and what more affected the prisoners, wooden blinds (*abat-jours*) were fixed to all the windows that had them not already.

About this time (7th or 8th May), the boy fell sick, and the queen solicited that M. Brunier, his ordinary physician, should be allowed to attend him. The Commissaries for several days not only disregarded but laughed at her request. At last the case looked more serious, and was brought before the Council of the Commune, where, after two days' debate, they came to this resolution:—

Having considered the representation of the Commissaries on duty in the Temple, stating that little Capet is sick, Resolved that the doctor ordinarily employed in the prisons shall attend the little Capet, seeing that it would be contrary to the principle of equality to allow him to have any other. — ii., p. 61.

The date prefixed to the resolution is worthy of its contents. "10 Mai, 1793; 2de de la République, 1er de la Mort du Tyran." It is, our readers will observe, bad French, and, moreover, nonsense, but its import on such an occasion is but too intelligible. The prison doctor, however, M. Thierry, acted like a man of humanity and honor. He secretly consulted M. Brunier, who was acquainted with the child's constitution, and for the three weeks that his attendance lasted, the queen and Madame Elizabeth, who never quitted the child's pillow, had every reason to be satisfied with M. Thierry.

This illness, though so serious that Madame Royale thought her brother had never recovered from it, made no noise; for all other interests were at the moment stifled in the great struggle between the Jacobins and the Girondins, which ended, on the celebrated 31st of May, in the overthrow of the latter. Hitherto the general government—that is, the Convention—busy with its internal conflicts—had, as far as we are informed, left the Temple to the discretion of the Commune—but it now (9th July) intervened directly, and a decree of the Committee of Public Safety directed the separation of "the son of Capet" from his mother and his transfer to the hands of a tutor (*instituteur*). To be chosen still by the municipals (ii. p. 67). It was 10 o'clock at night—the sick child was asleep in a bed without curtains, to which he had hitherto been accustomed—but his mother had hung a shawl over it, to keep from his eyes the light by which she and Madame Elizabeth were sitting up later than usual mending their clothes. The doors suddenly opened with a loud crash of the locks and bolts, and six commissaries entered—one of them abruptly and brutally announcing the decree of separation. Of the long scene that ensued we can only give a summary. The

* He was guillotined with Robespierre.

queen was thrown into an agony of surprise, terror, and grief. She urged all that maternal tenderness could suggest, and even descended to the humblest prayers and supplications against the execution of such an unnatural decree. The child awoke in the utmost alarm, and when they attempted to take him clung to his mother—the mother clung with him to the posts of the bed—violence was attempted, but she held on—

At last one of the commissaries said, "It does not become us to fight with women—call up the guard." Madame Elizabeth exclaimed—"No, for God's sake, no; we submit—we cannot resist—but at least give us time to breathe—let the child sleep here the rest of the night. He will be delivered to you to-morrow." No answer. The queen then prayed that he might at least remain in the Tower, where she might still see him. One of the commissaries answered in the most brutal manner and *tutoyant* the queen—"We have no account to give you, and it is not for you to question the intentions of the nation. What! you make such a to-do, because, forsooth, you are separated from your child, while our children are sent to the frontiers to have their brains knocked out by the bullets which you bring upon us." The ladies now began to dress the boy—but never was a child so long a dressing—every article was successively passed from one hand to another—put on and taken off, replaced, and drenched with tears. They thus delayed the separation by a few minutes. The commissaries began to lose patience. At last the queen, gathering up all her strength, placed herself in a chair, with the child standing before her—put her hands on his little shoulders, and, without a tear or a sigh, said, with a grave and solemn voice—"My child, we are about to part. Bear in mind all I have said to you of your duties when I shall be no longer near you to repeat it. Never forget God, who thus tries you, nor your mother who loves you. Be good, patient, kind, and your father will look down from heaven and bless you." Having said this she kissed him and handed him to the commissaries; one of whom said—"Come, I hope you have done with your sermonizing—you have abused our patience finely." "You might have spared your lesson," said another, who dragged the boy out of the room. A third added—"Don't be uneasy—the nation, always great and generous, will take care of his education;"—and the door closed!—ii. 71.

That same night the young king was handed over to the tutelage and guardianship of the notorious Simon and his wife, of whose obscure history M. de Beauchesne has not disdained to unravel the details. He had traced out some octogenarians of their own—that is, the lowest—class, who knew them, and from these and other sources he has collected a series of circumstances ignoble in themselves, but curious in their moral and political import. The traditional details related at an interval of fifty years by the

gossips of Madame Simon would not obtain much credit, but the substance of the sad story is confirmed by abundant evidence. Anthony Simon, of the age (1794) of 58, was above the middle size—stout built—of a very forbidding countenance, dark complexion, and a profusion of hair and whiskers—by trade a shoemaker, working in his own lodgings, which were accidentally next door to Marat in the *Rue des Cordeliers* afterwards de l'*Ecole de Médecine*, and close to the Club of the Cordeliers—of which he was an assiduous attendant. This neighborhood impregnated him with an outrageous degree of *civism*, and procured his election into the *Commune*, whence he was delegated to be commissary in the Temple. There the patronage of Marat, his own zeal in harassing the prisoners, and especially his activity in seconding the denunciations of the Tisons, procured him the office of tutor to the young king. His wife, Mary-Jane Aladame, was about the same age—very short, very thick, and very ill-favored. She had been but a few years married, and too late in life to have children, which exasperated her natural ill temper. Both were illiterate, and in manners what might be expected in such people. Their pay for the guardianship of the young Capet was, says the decree of the *Commune*, to be the same as that of the Tisons for their attendance on Capet senior, 500 francs (20*l.*) a month. This was significant—the *tutor* of the young king was to have the same wages as the household drudges of the whole family. They were moreover subjected to the hard conditions—Simon, of *never* losing sight of his prisoner—and both, of never quitting the Tower for a moment on any pretext whatsoever without special permission, which was only and rarely granted to the wife. It was in such occasional visits to her own lodgings that she had those communications with her neighbors as to what passed in the interior of the Temple, to which M. de Beauchesne attaches more importance than we think they deserve. We applaud his zeal for tracing out and producing *valet quantum* every gleam of evidence on so dark a subject; but we should have little confidence in this class of details. We know, however, from Madame Royale's short notes, enough of the characters of the Simons and of the system of mental and bodily torture to which the poor child was exposed, to believe that his common appellations were "*animal*," "*viper*," "*load*," "*wolf-cub*," garnished with still more brutal epithets, and sometimes accompanied by corporal punishment.

At half-past 10 on the night we have just described, the young king and his astonishing tutor were installed in the apartment on the third story of the Tower, which had been his father's, but which was now, strange to

say, additionally strengthened and rendered still more gloomy and incommodious for the custody of the son. For the two first days he wept incessantly, would eat nothing but some dry bread — refused to go to bed, and never spoke but to call for his "mother." He could not comprehend his position, nor why he was so treated; but on the third day hunger and the threats of Simon reduced him to a kind of silent submission, which however did not mitigate the vexations with which the tutor soon began to discipline him into what he called *equality*, and which the poor child found to mean nothing but the most degrading servitude to his task-master. Even things that might look like indulgences were poisoned by the malice with which they were accompanied; for instance, Simon gave him one of those vulgar musical toys that the little savoyards and boys in the street were used to play, called *Jew's-harps*, with the gracious speech, "Your wolf of a mother and your b—— of an aunt play on the harpsichord — you must learn to accompany them on this, and it will be a fine racket." The child resented the indignity and threw away the Jew's-harp. This was rebellion against a constituted authority, and he was punished even with blows — blows, although it is proved by the apothecary's bills in the archives of the Commune, that during the whole of June and July he was so ill as to be under medical treatment. But even this did not yet subdue him, and he continued, with a courage and intelligence above his age — which only produced new violence — to insist on being restored to his "mother." A few days after there was a commotion in Paris, on the pretence of one of those conspiracies which were so constantly invented when the dominant party had some purpose to answer. The present object was to throw more odium on the unfortunate Girondins; but the prisoners of the Temple as usual came in for their share. Four members of the committee of *Sûreté Générale* visited the Temple, of whom Douet, the postmaster of Ste. Menchoud, and Chabot, an apostate monk, were the chief; they held a long and secret conference with Simon, which concluded in the following dialogue: — "*Citizens*," asked the guardian,

*What do you decide as to the treatment of the wolf-cub (louveteau)? He has been brought up to be insolent — I can tame him to be sure, but I cannot answer that he will not sink (crever) under it — so much the worse for him — but after all, what do you mean to do with him? — to banish him? — Answer, No! To kill him? — No! To poison him? — No! But what then? — To get rid of him! (S'en débarrasser.)**

* The Memoirs published, in 1824, in the name of Senart (who died in 1797) have no allusion to this matter; but they are manifestly, and, indeed, confessedly, garbled by the original editor. M.

The wonderful dialogue is vouched by the revelation of one Senart, who himself was secretary to the Committee, and, after the fall of Robespierre, imprisoned as a terrorist. Senart had added on his MS. as a marginal note — "*He was not killed — nor banished — but they got rid of him.*" The process was, as we shall soon see, even more horrible than the design.

From the son the Committee went down to the mother: —

They began by such an examination of the persons and the apartment as thief-takers would make of a den of thieves — at last Drouet [note the choice of *Drouet* as the spokesman to the queen] said, "We are come to see whether you want anything." "*I want my child*," said the queen. "Your son is taken care of," replied Drouet; "he has a patriot preceptor, and you have no more reason to complain of his treatment than of your own." "*I complain of nothing*, sir, but the absence of my child, from whom I have never before been separated; he has been now five days taken from me, and all I am allowed to know about him is that he is ill and in special want of my care. I cannot believe that the Convention would not acknowledge the justice of my complaint."

Drouet, in a hypocritical report to the Convention of this mission, stated that the prisoners admitted that they were in want of nothing, and totally suppressed the complaint of the queen.

Henceforward the severity of Simon grew more savage, and every untoward event from without, especially the assassination of his friend and patron Marat, increased his fury. He forced the boy to wait on him, to clean his shoes, and to perform the most humiliating offices. On one point only the young king's resistance was inflexible — he would not wear the *red cap*; for he probably remembered his having been forced to assume it during the terrible riots of the 20th of June the year before. In vain Simon scolded, threatened, and at last again flogged him — nothing would subdue him into wearing the odious cap. At last the woman's heart of Madame Simon melted, and she persuaded her husband to give over the contest — she could not bear to see the child beaten, but she was willing enough that he should be bullied and degraded. His light hair curling in long ringlets had been a peculiar delight of his mother — they must be removed — Madame Simon cut them close all round. This very much disconcerted him — it tamed him more than

Turgy, who saw the MS., has given these extracts that M. de Beauchesne repeats. Senart was a great scoundrel; and though he may sometimes tell truth, we look upon him as very doubtful authority — indeed of none, except when, as in this case, the evidence may tell against himself.

blows could do, and by and by, under the fresh inflictions of Simon, he was brought to endure the red cap with the rest of the Carmagnole costume. It had a piteous effect, upon which even Simon's cruelty had not calculated. To prevent the ladies seeing the boy, even when taking the air on the leads, a partition of boards had been erected; but the two princesses had discovered a chink in the carpentry through which they might possibly get a peep of him as he passed. When the queen heard of this chance she overcame her repugnance to leave her room, and employed every device to be near the partition at the times when her son might be expected to pass, and for hours and days she watched at the chink. At last, on Tuesday, the 30th of July (the exact date of so great an event in their life of monotonous sorrow was noted), she caught a sight of her beloved boy; but what she had so long desired was but a new affliction — he was not in mourning for his father — he had on the Carmagnole jacket and red cap, the livery of the Revolution, and it happened still more unfortunately that, at that moment, Simon was out of humor, and the queen was near enough to see and hear, though indistinctly, his rude treatment and detestable language. She was thunderstruck, and retired hastily, and almost fainting with horror, intending never to subject herself to such another shock; but maternal tenderness was stronger than indignation, and she returned to the partition on that and the two or three succeeding days to watch for a passing glimpse. Her grief was now fearfully increased by learning, though very vaguely, through Tison, who had returned to a softer mood, that the child's health was not improved, and that his mind was exposed to the worst influences of his atrocious tutor.

This crisis, however, of her diversified agony lasted but a few days. In the middle of the night between the 1st and 2nd of August the commissioners entered the apartment of the royal ladies to announce a decree of the Convention for transferring the queen to the *Conciergerie* — the notorious antechamber to the scaffold. The queen well knew she was going to death — she knew she left her son in the hands of Simon — she knew she should never again see her daughter; she has one lingering consolation — she leaves her in the care of Madame Elizabeth, and cannot imagine that this innocent, inoffensive, and saint-like woman could be in any danger. Even in that hope she was deceived — though, happily for her, she died in it.

The same day that the queen was sent to the *Conciergerie*, Chaumette — the organ of the Commune — directed his kind recollection to the royal boy, and sent him a present of toys, amongst which the most remarkable was — a little guillotine. Such toys the

police allowed to be sold in the streets of Paris, and the toyman had a stock of sparrows, with whose decapitation they amused their customers. This well-timed *souvenir* of his father's fate was probably intended by Chaumette to apprise the boy of the lot intended for his mother; it happened however that day, that the commissioners on duty at the Temple did not participate in Chaumette's benevolent intentions, and one of them was so perverse as to intercept and destroy the amiable plaything before it reached the child. It is a curious sequel to this anecdote that Chaumette was, we believe, the very first of the members of the Council of the Commune who had practical experience of the real machine of which he so much admired the model — he was guillotined on the 13th of April following — a month before Madame Elizabeth, and more than a year before the death of the child whom he had hoped to terrify by his ill-omened present!

In the mean while the demoralization of the child was zealously pursued by the Simons — he was forced to drink, taught to swear, and sing patriotic, that is, indecent and blasphemous songs, not merely with the ultimate object of "getting rid of him," but for a purpose nearer at hand and still more atrocious. The queen's trial approached, and Hébert and Chaumette had conceived the infernal idea of obtaining from the child evidence against his mother so monstrous that our pen refuses to repeat it. After obtaining — by what terror or violence who can tell? — the signature of the child to a deposition drawn up by one Dajon under Hébert's dictation, they had the, if possible, still greater infamy of questioning Madame Royale on the same horror, which they repeated to Madame Elizabeth. We copy the younger Madame's own account of this extraordinary inquisition: —

They questioned me about a thousand terrible things of which they accused my mother and my aunt. I was so shocked at hearing such horrors, and so indignant, that, frightened as I was, I could not help exclaiming that they were infamous falsehoods; but, in spite of my tears, they still pressed their questions. There were things which I did not comprehend, but of which I understood enough to make me weep with indignation and horror. My aunt's examination lasted but one hour, while mine lasted three; because the deputies saw they had no chance of intimidating her as they had hoped to be able to do to so young a person by the length and grossness of their inquiries. They were however mistaken; they forgot that the life I had led for four years past, and, above all, the example shown me by my parents, had given me more energy and strength of mind. — *Royal Mem.*, p. 248.

Although the three victims were examined

separately, yet the boy was made to sign each of the three depositions. M. de Beauchesne has been lucky enough to find the original documents, and he has given us *fac-similes* of the signatures. We think it worth while to reproduce those of the child, which seem to us melancholy evidence both of the force exercised over him* — of the retrocession of his education, for he wrote better two years before — and of his utter incapability (apart from all high considerations) of understanding what he was about. The first is the signature to his own deposition, the body of which was prepared by Daujon; indeed, M. de Beauchesne says that the fellow boasted of having invented every word of it; the second, to that of his sister; the third, to that of his aunt; the fourth was to a supplementary deposition against his aunt, which we shall mention presently.

We leave this series of signatures to the appreciation of our readers; and it is but justice to the memory of the poor child, the victim of all these atrocities, to repeat that he was at the time just eight years and six months old. He had been more than a year in prison, and had been above three months in the close custody and under the brutalizing discipline of Simon. M. de Beauchesne states that the depositions were not even read over to him. It is pretty certain that he was incapable of understanding them. The best commentary, indeed, on these documents, is that of the poor queen herself, who says in her testamentary letter to Madame Elizabeth — also accused in these horrible depositions: —

I have now to speak to you on a subject most painful to my heart. I know how much that poor boy must have distressed you. Forgive him, my dear sister; recollect how young he is, and how easy it is to put what one pleases into a child's mouth, even what he cannot comprehend. The day will come, I hope, when he will feel all your goodness and tenderness to him and his sister.

It was under these auspices and influences that the queen's trial commenced on the 14th October, and lasted two whole days and nights, without intermission. She bore that protracted agony with unparalleled patience, presence of mind, and dignity. Nothing in the slightest degree confirmatory of the political charges against her was or could be produced. But then, at length, Hébert brought forward his calumny, equally horrible and superfluous, for the fatal result was already prepared. She disdained to notice it, till one of the jury — not what we in England understand by a *jury*, but the permanent gang of judicial assassins, packed and paid to deal with all cases that should be presented to

* We omit these fac-similes as unimportant. — *Ed. Agc.*

them, according to the dictates of the public accuser — one of the jury, we say, observed to her that she had not replied to that point. On this challenge, she elevated with supreme dignity her head and her voice, and, turning from the court to the audience, uttered these admirable words: — "*I did not answer, because nature refuses to answer such a charge; but I appeal against it to the heart of every mother who hears me.*"

And subsequently, when the counsel who had been assigned to her terminated their short and interrupted defence, the president asked her whether she had anything to add. She said: —

For myself, nothing — for your consciences much! I was a queen, and you dethroned me — I was a wife, and you murdered my husband — I was a mother, and you have torn my children from me — I have nothing left but my blood — make haste to take it. — ii., p. 157.

M. de Beauchesne does not give us his authority for the allocation, which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere; if really made, this last was the only request ever granted her. The trial was concluded at an early hour on the third morning, and at eleven o'clock on the same forenoon she was led to the scaffold. We cannot refrain from marking the fearful *retribution* which followed these infamous proceedings. Within *nine months* from the death of the queen, the accusers, judges, jury, prosecutors, witnesses, all — at least all whose fate is known — perished by the same instrument as the illustrious and innocent victim.

The prisoners of the Temple knew nothing of the queen's trial and death. The two princesses were in close confinement, and had no attendant whatever. They did not even see their gaolers. Tison himself was now a prisoner. They were, in fact, alone in the world. They made their own beds, swept their room, and learned to suffice for all their menial offices. Their food was delivered to them through the half-opened door, and they saw nothing but the *hands* that brought it. They were sometimes visited, searched, insulted, by the members of the Commune, else they never saw a human face. It was eighteen months before Madame Royale heard of her mother's fate. Nor did she know that of her aunt and her brother till near her own final deliverance.

About ten days after the queen's death, 26th October, the boy made another declaration: —

That one day while Simon was on duty at the Temple [in his former character of Commissary] in company with *Jobert*, Jobert had conveyed two notes to the queen without Simon's having seen them, and that this trick [*espiglerie*] made those ladies laugh very much at having deceived

the vigilance of Simon. He, deponent, did not see the paper, but only that those ladies had told him so.

Before signing, he, little Capet, said that his mother was afraid of his aunt, and that his aunt was the best manager of plots (*exécutait mieux les complots*).

This is the deposition to which the last of the preceding signatures was affixed, and, insignificant as it may seem, it is pregnant with curious circumstances, which deserve some development, though they have escaped the notice of M. de Beauchesne. Simon, when he first reported this statement to the Commune, declined to mention the name of the colleague accused of bringing the notes, and he requested them to nominate some of their own body to take the boy's deposition from his own mouth—it was then that *Jobert* was mentioned. M. de Beauchesne makes no observation on the name—but, according to other evidence, it was a strange one to find in these circumstances—for *Jobert* (unless there were two commissaries of the same name), so far from being likely to be an accomplice of the royal ladies, was of Simon's own *clique*; and remained, even after this affair, in such full confidence with his party, that he, like Simon himself, followed *Robespierre* to the scaffold in the days of Thermidor. The story, therefore, of the notes, if true at all, was probably a device of *Jobert* and his employers to entrap the royal ladies into some difficulty—though why Simon should have brought it up again seems hardly explicable, unless indeed it was intended as a prelude to the subsequent proceedings against Madame Elizabeth. However this may be, it is evident that, even if the fact, as stated by the child, was true, the *rédaction*—the form and phraseology of the deposition could not have been his, nor could it have been altogether Simon's, for he certainly would not have used and repeated the semi-respectful term of "*ces dames*" for the princesses—it may therefore be safely concluded that the *rédaction* was, to some extent at least, that of the magistrate delegated by the Commune to conduct the inquiry; and it seems, by another of those wonderful vicissitudes with which the Revolution abounded, that it was the poor magistrate who fell a sacrifice to the charge directed against *Jobert*. This magistrate (we find from the *procès verbal*) was George Follope—aged 64—an eminent apothecary in the Rue St. Honoré, who, though reputed a zealous patriot, and as such elected into the Commune, was an educated and, it is said, a respectable man; and it is most probable that the insignificance of the deposition itself as regarded the princesses, the revelation of the name of the patriot *Jobert*, and the use of the term "*ces dames*," may have been attributed by his disappointed

and angry colleagues to his integrity and decency. Certain it is that the next—and most unexpected—mention we find of the poor old apothecary is, as suffering on the same scaffold with his "*accomplice*," Madame Elizabeth! (*Liste des Condamnés*, No. 916, 10 May, 1794.)

Another deposition, especially directed against Madame Elizabeth, was soon after extorted from the child—equally ignorant, no doubt, of the consequences of the words put into his mouth as in the former case. Indeed, the imagination of such a charge as it was brought forward to support, is so grossly absurd, that it is only astonishing it could have been thought of even in that reign of insanity. The princesses were lodged in the third floor of the great Tower—the boy in the second—all the stories were vaulted—there was no communication between the apartments, nor even between the persons employed in the service of either—and, under these circumstances, he was made, by a deposition dated the 3rd December, 1793, to tell this story, which we give in the exact terms which he is supposed to have used:—

That for the last fortnight or three weeks he had heard the prisoners [his aunt and sister] knocking every consecutive day between the hours of six and nine; that since the day before yesterday, this noise happened a little later and lasted longer than the preceding days; that this noise seemed to come from that part of their room where the fire-wood was kept—that moreover he knows (*connait*), from the sound of their footsteps (which he distinguishes from the other noise), that during this time the prisoners leave the place where (as he has indicated) the wood is kept, and move into the embrasure of the window of their sleeping-room, which makes him presume that they hide away something in these embrasures; he thinks it may be *forged assignats* [! !], but is not sure, and that they might pass them through the window to somebody.—ii. 176.

He knows the noise was made by the prisoners and not by any one else—he can distinguish through the solid vaultings of the old fortress of the Templars the steps of two young women from the noise that would be made in the fabrication of assignats, a thing and a process of which he probably had never heard—if the steps are directed towards their bedroom, it must be to hide something—he thinks *forged assignats*!—he thinks too they might convey them through the barricaded and blockaded window, some fifty or sixty feet from the ground, to somebody—the only bodies in the whole wide space around the tower being their gaolers and sentinels—and all this the spontaneous observation and declarations of a child 8 years and 6 mos. old. Such a tissue of nonsense was never, we suppose, before put together—it was even too

much for Simon, who excused himself for not detecting the noise, by alleging that he was "a little hard of hearing"—but his wife was sharper—she heard it all—but she never mentioned it, though Simon states that "for about eight days the said Charles Capet had been in a torment (*se tourmentait*) to make this declaration to the members of the Council."

We may here, and without further observation, leave to the wonder and indignation of our readers these abominable depositions—still extant in the national archives, and as characteristic of the Republic—though in so different a style—as even the massacres and the guillotine.

Meanwhile the brutalities inflicted on the poor child continued with even greater vigor. One or two instances must suffice. Strictly shut up in one dark room, with no distraction or amusement whatsoever, he had become so pitiable a picture of lassitude and despondency that one of the persons employed about the Tower obtained Simon's consent to his having an artificial canary-bird which was in the Garde Meuble, and which, by an ingenious mechanism, fluttered its wings and sung a tune. This so much pleased him, that the same good-natured suggestion was made as to some real canaries, tamed and taught as these little creatures sometimes are. Still more gratified, he made an affectionate acquaintance with his feathered friends. But this was too aristocratical an indulgence. One of the commissaries in particular took offence at it—the machine and the living favorites were all sent away, and the weeping boy was left again in solitude, or, still worse, the company of his morose guardians, who rarely spoke to him, and never but with harshness and insult. Another instance is more seriously revolting. In the midst of his degradation he had some memory, or perhaps dreamed, of his former feelings and habits. Simon detected him one night kneeling in his bed with his hands joined, and appearing to say his prayers. The impious wretch did not know whether the child was asleep or awake, but the superstitious attitude threw him into an extraordinary fury; he seized a great pitcher of water—icy cold—the night was the 14th or 15th of January—and flung it over him exclaiming, "I'll teach you to say your *Paternosters* and to get up in the night like a *Trappist*!" Nor was that all; he struck him on the face with his iron-heeled shoe, the sole implement of punishment he had at hand, and was only prevented beating him still more severely by the interposition of his wife. The child, shivering and sobbing, endeavored to escape from the soaking mattress by sitting on the pillow, but Simon dragged him down and stretched him on the bed swimming with water, and, covering him with the wet clothes, forced him to lie in this

state till morning. The shock and suffering which the child endured that night seemed to have a permanent and enfeebling influence both on his mind and body; it entirely broke his spirit, and confirmed, if it did not produce, the lingering malady of which he died.

But the authors of his misery were hardly less miserable than he. They were equally prisoners, condemned to the same seclusion from all society, and their only consolation was visiting their own annoyances on the descendant of so many kings. But even of this they were gradually growing weary, when a fresh circumstance, that affected the *amour propre* of both husband and wife, completed their disgust. A decree of the Commune directed that the woman should not make her occasional visits to her own lodgings, nor the husband go into even the courtyard or garden of the prison, unattended by municipal officers. When he asked once to go home for some private purpose, he was told he could only do so accompanied by two of these functionaries. This shocked his dignity; his neighbors thought him the Guardian of the young king and a great man; he could not bear to appear amongst them as a prisoner. When he once was summoned to give evidence before the Revolutionary Tribunal he was escorted by a couple of municipals. When he solicited permission to attend, with his colleagues of the Commune, a national *fête* in honor of the retaking Toulon, he was harshly refused, and told that in the Temple he was at his proper post. At last he had an opportunity of escaping from his intolerable thralldom. A "self-denying ordinance" of the Commune decided that no person receiving a public salary could remain a member of that body. Simon gladly availed himself of the option, resigned his office in the Temple, and resumed his functions in the Commune, only to die six months later with sixty or seventy of his colleagues and co-partners in crime on the "*échafaud vengeur*" of Thermidor.

On the 19th Jan., 1794, the Simons took their departure. The wife said with a tone of kindness, "Capet, I know not when I may see you again." Simon interrupted her with a malediction on the "*toad*." But was the child's condition improved? Alas, no! His active persecutors were gone, but he was left to privations worse than inflictions—to cold—darkness—solitary confinement—a regimen which even the strongest bodies and the most determined spirits have been found unable to endure.

The committees of government decided that Simon, as he could have no equal, should have no successor. Chaumette and Hébert, still the ruling authorities of the Temple, accepted this decision, and said they would endeavor to obtain from the force of things (*la force des*

choses) that security which the absence of a personal superintendence denied them. This *force of things* was thus expounded; he was confined to a single room (where Cléry had slept during the king's life): it had one window, closely barred and blinded by an *abat-jour*, which admitted only a small degree of oblique light, and was never opened for air; the door was removed and replaced by a half-door, of which the upper part was inclosed by iron bars; a portion of those iron bars, when unlocked, opened like a trap, through which he received his food and passed out whatever he had to send away; the room had no other means of being heated than a pipe which was led through a part of it from a stove in another apartment, the lighting of the fire in which was capricious and precarious. At night the only light was a lamp hung on the wall of the ante-room opposite to the iron grating of the door. Whether by accident, or as a kind of triumph, it was on the 21st of January, the anniversary of his father's death, that the young king was transferred to this dungeon—a prelude to his own. The horrors of such a condition—aggravated by the weakness of the child, who could do nothing to alleviate his wants—are obscured rather than illustrated by M. de Beauchesne's inflated and figurative eloquence. When the boy, on being shut up for the first time in this solitary duress, made no complaint and showed no change of temper, M. de Beauchesne imagines that

he may have felt himself beyond the reach of men—free in his prison—like a young fawn that had escaped to the hollow of some secluded valley from the pursuit of the hounds and hunters.—ii., p. 199.

In preference to such a style of narrative, our readers will thank us for substituting the simple and much more impressive sketch of *Madame Royale*, which indeed contains in substance all that M. de Beauchesne has so needlessly amplified, and all that we really know of this interval:—

Unheard of and unexampled barbarity! to leave an unhappy and sickly infant of eight years old in a great room, locked and bolted in, with no other resource than a broken bell, which he never rang, so greatly did he dread the people whom its sound would have brought to him; he preferred wanting anything, and everything, to calling for his persecutors. His bed had not been stirred for six months, and he had not strength to make it himself; it was alive with bugs, and vermin still more disgusting. His linen and his person were covered with them. For more than a year he had had no change of shirt or stockings; every kind of filth was allowed to accumulate about him and in his room; and during all that period nothing of that kind had been removed. His window, which was locked as well as grated, was never opened; and the

infectious smell of that horrid room was so dreadful that no one could bear it for a moment. He might indeed have washed himself, for he had a pitcher of water, and have kept himself somewhat more clean than he did; but, overwhelmed by the ill treatment he had received, he had not resolution to do so, and his illness began to deprive him of even the necessary strength. He never asked for anything, so great was his dread of Simon and his other keepers. He passed his days without any kind of occupation. They did not even allow him light in the evening. This situation affected his mind as well as his body, and it is not surprising that he should have fallen into a frightful atrophy. The length of time which he resisted this persecution proves how good his constitution must have originally been.—*Royal Mem.*, p. 266.

But while death was thus slowly and silently advancing on the young king, the insatiable guillotine was rapidly sweeping away hundreds of guilty and thousands of innocent victims. Indeed, we might call them all innocent, for there was not, we believe, a single one of them—no, not even Danton or Hébert—who, however culpable, or even execrable, in other respects had committed any of the pretended offences for which they suffered. Nay, we are convinced that, of the 2637 executed by the Revolutionary Tribunal in Paris up to the fall of Robespierre, it would be difficult to find half a dozen who were fairly convicted or really guilty of the fact for which they were condemned. Injustice was proved to be blinder than justice is proverbially supposed to be.

But, of all who suffered in that promiscuous massacre, the most transcendently innocent was the Princess Elizabeth. We have never been able to discover any pretext nor to conjecture any motive for her death. The least irrational suspicion that we have been able to arrive at is that Robespierre had really formed some scheme of personal ambition upon the young princess, to which it was hoped to intimidate and subjugate her by the loss of her aunt. This is, no doubt, an almost incredible project, but it is hardly stranger than Robespierre's contemporaneous proceedings, and it derives a kind of color (as M. de Beauchesne remarks) from the mysterious visit which Robespierre made to the Temple in which he saw the princess (*Royal Mem.* 266); and it seems rendered somewhat less improbable by the slight, but not perhaps insignificant fact that in the *original* edition of *Madame Royale's* narrative the mention of the visit was suppressed—probably from a dislike to preserve any trace of an insolence against which all the best feelings of her nature must have revolted.

But, whatever may have been the motive, Madame Elizabeth was executed on the 10th of May. She died as she had lived, like a saint. In the room where they were assem-

bled in the prison on the morning of their execution she exhorted all her fellow-sufferers —

with a presence of mind, an elevation of soul, and a religious enthusiasm, that fortified all their minds. In the cart she preserved the same firmness, and encouraged and supported the women who accompanied her.* At the scaffold they had the barbarity to execute her the last [though she stood first on the list of twenty-five]. All the women, as they left the cart, asked leave to embrace her. She kissed them all, and, with her usual composure, said some words of comfort to each. Her strength did not fail her to the last, and she died with all the resignation of the purest piety. — *Royal Mem.*, p. 262.

Madame Royale did not for a long time know the fate of her aunt; when she asked after her she received evasive answers — “she was gone elsewhere for change of air;” when she entreated, since she was deprived of her aunt, that she might be restored to her mother, she was told “they would consider it.”

Of the visit of Robespierre just mentioned, Madame Royale’s account (in the later editions) is, as might be expected, short and dry — a just expression of what her pride and her piety would suffer in such an interview: —

One day there came a man who I believe was Robespierre. The officers showed him great respect. His visit was a secret even to the people in the Tower, who did not know who he was; or, at least, would not tell me; he stared insolently at me, cast his eyes on my books, and, after joining the municipal officers in a search, retired. — *Ib.*, 266.

M. de Beauchesne gives the exact and important date, and adds a remarkable circumstance: —

The day after the execution of Madame Elizabeth — that is, 11th May — Madame Royale was visited by Robespierre. She did not speak one word to him. She only gave him a paper, in which she had written: —

My brother is ill. I have written to the Convention to be allowed to go to take care of him. The Convention has not yet answered me. I repeat my demand. — ii. 219.

This is all very probable; and the cold and dignified style of the note is such as we may believe Madame would have used; but M. de Beauchesne does not cite his authority either for the date or the note, which surely, con-

sidering the silence of Madame Royale herself, he was bound to do.

Both the royal children were now in separate and solitary confinement; and here again we prefer the simple narrative of the elder sufferer to the amplifications of M. de Beauchesne: —

The guards were often drunk; but they generally left my brother and me quiet in our respective apartments, until the 9th Thermidor. My brother still pined in solitude and filth. His keepers never went near him but to give him his meals; they had no compassion for this unhappy child. There was one of the guards whose gentle manners encouraged me to recommend my brother to his attention; this man ventured to complain of the severity with which the boy was treated, but he was dismissed next day. For myself I asked nothing but what was indispensable, and even this was often harshly refused; but I at least could keep myself clean; I had soap and water, and carefully swept out my room every day. I had no light; but in the long days [from May to August] I did not feel much this privation. They would not give me any more books; but I had some religious works and some travels, which I had read over and over.

The fall of Robespierre (28th July, 1794), which opened the prison doors of so many other innocent victims, did not liberate the two children in the Temple, though it alleviated in some respects their personal sufferings. On the 10th Thermidor, Barras, who had played a chief part in the success of the preceding day as commander-in-chief of the troops employed against Robespierre, visited the Temple, and the result of his inspection was the appointment of a single guardian in lieu of the commissaries of the Commune — (most of whom indeed were that day and the next sent to the scaffold) — and to this office he named one Laurent, a private acquaintance of his own. Laurent was a *Creole*, a native of St. Domingo. How he first obtained the confidence of Barras is not stated; he was indeed noted in his district for his patriotism, but this was at the moment no great nor even very favorable distinction. Can it have arisen from the influence of Josephine, herself a *Creole*, and already intimate with both Tallien and Barras, the heroes of the day? Laurent at least did not disgrace his patrons: M. de Beauchesne tells us he was a man of some degree of education, good manners, and humanity, and the very first circumstances of his introduction struck him with astonishment. He arrived at the Temple on the evening of his appointment; he was received by some municipals who were still in authority; they closely scrutinized his appointment, and detained him so long that it was not till two o’clock in the morning that he was conducted to the room of the “little Capet.” They had explained in general terms the way

* There were executed at the same time Madame de Senozan, the venerable sister of M. de Malesherbes, aged seventy-six, and Mesdames de Crusol, de l’Aigle, de Montmorin, de Canisy, de Corey, and de Serilly, and an old Madlle. de Buard. Among the men were four gentlemen of the Lomenie family, and George Fallope, the apothecary.

in which the child was treated, but it was far from giving him any idea of the reality. When he entered the ante-room he was met by a sickening smell which escaped through the grated door of the inner room. One of the municipals, approaching the grating, called in a loud voice, "Capet! Capet!" Capet did not answer. After much calling, a faint sound announced that it was heard, but no movement followed, and neither calls nor even threats could induce the victim to get up and show himself; and it was only by the light of a candle held inside the bars, and which fell on the bed in the opposite corner, that Laurant saw the body that was thus delivered to his charge. With this he contented himself that night, for it seems that neither he nor the municipals had either the authority or the mechanical means to open that door. Another visit next morning had the same results; the child would neither speak nor show himself, though Laurant had addressed him in terms of kindness and persuasion. Alarmed and shocked at this state of things, Laurant made a peremptory appeal to the government for an immediate examination into the condition of the child. The request was granted, and accordingly next day, the 31st of July, several members of the Committee de *Sûreté Générale* came to conduct it:—

They called to him through the grating—no answer. They then ordered the door to be opened; it seems there were no means of doing it. A workman was called, who forced away the bars of the trap so as to get in his head, and having thus got sight of the child asked him why he did not answer? Still no reply. In a few minutes the whole door was broken down (*enlevée*), and the visitors entered. Then appeared a spectacle more horrible than can be conceived—a spectacle which never again can be seen in the annals of a nation calling itself civilized, and which even the murderers of Louis XVI., could not witness without mingled pity and fright. In a dark room, exhaling a smell of death and corruption, on a crazy and dirty bed, a child of nine years old was lying prostrate, motionless, and bent up, his face livid and furrowed by want and suffering, and his limbs half covered with a filthy cloth and trousers in rags. His features, once so delicate, and his countenance, once so lively, denoted now the gloomiest apathy—almost insensibility—and his blue eyes, looking larger from the meagreness of the rest of his face, had lost all spirit, and taken, in their dull immovability, a tinge of gray and green. His head and neck were eaten up (*rongée*) with purulent sores; his legs, arms, and neck, thin and angular, were unnaturally lengthened at the expense of his chest and body. His hands and feet were not human. A thick paste of dirt stuck like pitch over his temples; and his once beautiful curls were full of vermin, which also covered his whole body, and which, as well as bugs, swarmed in every fold of the rotten bedding,

over which black spiders were running. . . . At the noise of forcing the door the child gave a nervous shudder, but barely moved, hardly noticing the strangers. A hundred questions were addressed to him; he answered none of them; he cast a vague, wandering, and unmeaning look at his visitors, and at this moment one would have taken him for an idiot. The food they had given him was still untouched; one of the commissioners asked him why he had not eaten it. Still no answer. At last, the oldest of the visitors, whose gray hairs and paternal tone seemed to make an impression upon him, repeated the question, and he answered in a calm but resolute tone, "*Because I want to die!*" These were the only words that this cruel and memorable inquisition extracted from him.—ii. 25.

For these details, M. de Beauchesne, *more suo*, gives us no warrant, but they are confirmed *en gros* by the Journal of Madame Royale; and there is another, in this respect unexceptionable, witness to the main points, of whom M. de Beauchesne does not seem to have been aware. In the *Mémoires de Lombard* we find Barras' own account of his visit. He confesses that he saw the boy, and found him in a deplorable state of filth, disease, and debility; it was stated to him that he neither ate nor drank—he would not speak, could not stand, and lay bent up in a kind of cradle, from which it was torture to move him. His knees were so swelled that his trousers had become painfully tight. Barras had them cut open at the sides, and found the joints "prodigiously swollen and livid." Barras concludes this picture by relating, in a tone of self-satisfaction, that he immediately ordered the attendance of a medical man, and, "after having scolded the commissary and the *garçon de service* for the filth in which the child was left, he retired!" He adds, indeed, that he returned next day, and saw the doctor (whose name he had forgotten) offer the little patient a draught which he had ordered, but which the child—though still without speaking—refused to take; the doctor whispered Barras that he might possibly have heard of the fate of his father, mother, and aunt, and suspect that they now wanted to *get rid of him* (*se débarrasser de lui*); so, "to encourage him, the doctor poured out the draught into a glass, and was about to taste it, when the poor child, guessing his thoughts, hastened to seize it, and drank it off." The doctor told Barras that the boy had not long to live; and this, said Barras, "was the last I saw of him" (*Mém. de Lombard*, p. 147, 150). M. de Beauchesne's authorities (whatever they are) make, we see, no mention of Barras' having seen the boy, nor of his *personal* interference, which indeed is hardly reconcilable with some of the details we have just given; but Barras' own confession corroborates all the more important facts of the case, and the subsequent indifference of the new government to the

state of the child, who lingered for near a year later in a condition almost equally deplorable.

We now resume M. de Beauchesne's narrative. By the remonstrances of Laurent, a little air and light were admitted into the room; a woman was permitted, though after much hesitation, to wash and comb the boy. One of the municipals, who happened to be a surgeon, was allowed to clean and dress the sores on the head and neck—an operation which, as well as that of the comb, was, from long neglect, become extremely painful. The vermin were expelled, an iron bed and clean bedding were supplied, a suit of decent clothes granted; and the grated door was replaced by the original one. These were but ameliorations to which the most odious convicted criminal would have been entitled; but all the other rigors of the prison were still maintained. The child was kept in the solitary confinement of his one cell. The chief authority in the Temple remained in the municipal body, who seemed afraid that, if they deviated from the severity of their predecessors, they were likely to incur their fate. Laurent himself was not allowed to see the boy except at his meal-times, and always then in presence of the municipals; and when at last he wearied them into permission to take him occasionally to the leads of the tower to breathe the fresh air, it was only under their watch-dog superintendence. Even in these short breaks in his solitude he never spoke, and seemed to take little notice of what was passing. There was one exception—on his way to the leads he had to go by the wicket that conducted to what had been his mother's apartment; he had passed it the first time without observing it, but on returning he saw it, started, pressed the arm of Laurent, and made a sign of recognition, and ever after paused at the place, and once showed a wish to enter the room, which the municipal in attendance prevented by telling him that he had mistaken the door. He knew, of course, the death of his father, but he was in ignorance of that of his mother, whom he still believed, as we shall see, to be in the Tower.

During this period Laurent had also the custody of Madame Royale, who bears, in her Mémoires, testimony to the decency of his manners, and kindness of his treatment of her, and to his well-meant but less successful endeavors to alleviate the sufferings of her brother.

At last, however, the *quasi* solitary confinement to which Laurent found himself condemned was more than he could endure, and he solicited to be allowed an assistant and companion in his duties. This was granted; and, by some secret influences of the friends of the royal family, the son of an upholsterer

of the name of Gomin was associated *en second* to Laurent in the care of the children. Gomin was a person of mild and timid character, who had great difficulty in reconciling the severe orders of his employers with his secret sympathy with the prisoners. Little change, however, was made in the regulations, except that cleanliness and civil language were substituted for filth and insult. The child was still locked up alone, except at meals, which were always served in presence of the two guardians and a municipal, and frequently embittered by the cynical insults of the latter. These commissaries were elected in turn by each of the 48 sections of Paris, and were relieved every 24 hours; so that the régime was subject to a great variety of tempers and caprices, of which good-nature was the rarest. The breakfast, at nine, was a cup of milk or some fruit; the dinner, at two, a plate of soup with a "*small bit*" of its *bouilli*, and some *dry* vegetables (generally beans); a supper at eight, the same as the dinner, but without the *bouilli*. He was then put to bed and locked up alone, as in all other intervals between the meals, till nine the next morning. When the commissary of the day happened to look good-humored, the guardians would endeavor to obtain some little *adoucissement* in the treatment of the child—such as his being taken to the leads, or getting some pots of flowers, which delighted him with the memory of happier days, and in which he took more interest than in anything else. One day (the 14th November, 1794) there came, with a stern air, loud voice, and brutal manners, a person by name Delboy—he threw open all the doors, pried everywhere, gave his orders in a rough, imperious tone, that at first frightened both guardians and prisoner, but by and by surprised them by the frank and rational, and even kind, spirit of his directions. When he saw the dinner he exclaimed—

"Why this wretched food? If they were still at the Tuileries I would assist to farnish them out; but here they are our prisoners, and it is unworthy of the nation to starve them. Why these window-blinds? Under the reign of *Equality* the sun at least should shine for all. Why is he separated from his sister? Under the reign of *Fraternity* why should they not see each other?" Then addressing the child in a somewhat gentler tone, "Should you not like, my boy, to play with your sister? If you forget your origin, I don't see why the nation should remember it." Then turning to his guardians, "It is not his fault if he is his father's son—he is now nothing else than an *unfortunate child*; the *unfortunate* have a claim to our humanity, and the country should be the mother of all her children. So don't be harsh to him."—ii. 276.

All he said was in the same blustering, sententious style, "combining," says M. Beau-

chesne in his rhetorical way, "the manners of Diogenes with the charity of Fenelon." Another of Delboy's phrases is worth repeating. In discoursing (as we presume) of the character of his colleagues he declaimed against—

— those crafty hypocrites who do harm to others without making a noise — these are the kind of fellows who invented the *air-gun*.

Such a voice had never before been heard in the Temple, and occasioned a serious sensation, and something like consternation; but it at last encouraged Gomin to ask his permission that the lamp in the ante-room, from which the only light of the child's dungeon was derived, should be lighted at dark. This was immediately granted; and Diogenes-Fenelon departed, saying to the astounded guardians as he took his leave—

"Shall we ever meet again? I think not; our roads are not likely to meet. No matter—good patriots will recognize each other; men of sense may vary their opinions—men of honor never change their feelings and principles. We are no *Septembriseurs*. Health and fraternity." — *Ib.*

The reign of this "*bourru bienfaisant*" lasted but a few hours, and (except as to lighting the lamp) left no traces. Laurent and Gomin were afraid to make any change on such ephemeral authority. About the same time sentiments like those which Delboy had blurted out in the prison were heard timidly insinuated in society, and even in more than one newspaper. This only exasperated the fears and malignity of the Convention, and its speeches and decrees seemed, as to the treatment of the child, to reveal as strongly as before the resolution "*de s'en défaire*."

The daily change of commissioners produced an alternation of gross vexations and slight indulgences not uninteresting, but which our space does not allow us to follow. One or two instances will suffice for the rest. On the 23rd February, 1795, the Commissary was one Leroux—a "*terroriste arriéré*"—who adored the memory of Robespierre, and hoped for the revival of his party. He insisted on visiting all the apartments, and was particularly anxious to see how those "*plucked routelets*" looked without their feathers." When he entered Madame Royale's room she was sitting at work, and went on without taking any notice of him. "What!" he cried, "is it the fashion here not to rise before the *people*!" The princess still took no notice. The brute revenged himself by rummaging the whole apartment, and retired, saying, sulkily, "*Elle est fière comme l'Austrichienne*." When he visited the boy it was only to insult him. He called him nothing but the *son of the Tyrant*—ridiculed his alleged illness, and when Laurent and Gomin

timidly ventured to produce Delboy's charitable maxim "that he could not help being the son of his father," they were silenced by doubts as to their own patriotism. "Ah, the children of tyrants are not to be sick like other people. It is not, forsooth, his fault that he was born to devour the sweat and blood of the people! It is not the less certain that such monsters should be strangled in their cradle!" (ii. 294.) He then established himself for the evening in the ante-room—called for cards and wine—the wine to drink toasts "to the death of all tyrants," and the cards to play piquet with Laurent. His nomenclature of the figure cards at piquet was not *kings* but *tyrants*—"Three tyrants"—"*Fourteen tyrants*." The queens were "*citoyennes*" and the knaves "*courtiers*." The royal boy seemed not to understand, at least not to notice, these terms, but was much interested in overlooking the game, and hearing for the first time for some years people speaking to one another of something else than his own sufferings. The evening, however, ended ill. Leroux's Jacobinical fury was inflamed by drinking, and he made an uproar that terrified the child. He was at last got out of the room, and conducted to his bed on the lower story. But this accident had a favorable result. Leroux had called for cards—and thereby authorized their introduction; and the child's pleasure in seeing them induced Gomin, between Leroux's departure and the coming of his successor, to introduce two packs, with which the little prisoner amused himself for the rest of his life! The next commissary happened to be a toyman; he took pity on the boy, and at Gomin's suggestion sent him, three days after, two or three toys. But these were trifling indulgences; and the continued interdiction of air and exercise, and the frequent insults and severities of the capricious commissaries, were gradually aggravating the illness that had for some time past seriously alarmed the guardians, though the commissaries in general only laughed at it. About January and February, 1795, his malady assumed a more rapid and threatening character. He grew more melancholy and apathetic; he became very reluctant to move, and indeed was hardly able to do so; and Laurent and Gomin were forced to carry him in their arms. The district surgeon was called in, and in consequence of his opinion a delegation from the Commune examined the case, and reported that

the little Capet had tumors at all his joints, and especially at his knees—that it was impossible to extract a word from him—that he never would rise off his chair or his bed, and refused to take any kind of exercise.

On this report a sub-committee of the committee de *Sûreté Générale* were delegated to

visit the child—it consisted of one *Harmand* (of the Meuse), who on the king's trial voted for banishment, and *Mathieu* and *Reverchon*, who voted for death, these men found such a state of things that they thought (as *Harmand* himself afterwards confessed, appealing also to his colleagues who were still living),

that for the honor of the Nation, who knew nothing of these horrors—for that of the Convention, which was, in truth, also ignorant of them—and for that of the guilty Municipality of Paris itself, who knew all and was the cause of all these cruelties—we should make no public report, but only state the result in a secret meeting of the committee.—ii. 309.

So strange a confession—that public functionaries suppressed the facts they had been appointed to inquire into for the honor of those who had committed and sanctioned the crimes—is sufficiently revolting, but it is much more so that no measures whatsoever were taken to correct or even alleviate the cruelties that they had reported. *Harmand's* account of the affair was not published till after the restoration (as *M. de Beauchesne* notices with something of suspicion as to its accuracy), and there can be no doubt that he then modelled it so as to excuse, as far as he could, his own pusillanimity, in having made no effectual attempt to remedy the mischief that he had discovered. The only apology that can be made for him is, that he was sent in a few days after on a mission to the armies, and it is possible, and even likely, that the very purpose for which he was sent was to prevent his taking any steps in the matter. The substance, however, of his statement is fully confirmed by the evidence of *Gomin*, though the latter disputed some small and really insignificant details. The most striking circumstance was the fixed and resolute silence of the child, from whom they, no more than the former commissaries of the Commune, were able to extract a single word. This silence *Harmand* dates from the day on which he was forced to sign the monstrous deposition against his mother—a statement which *Gomin* denies, and on his authority *M. de Beauchesne* distrusts *Harmand's* general veracity. We think unjustly. For though *Gomin* might contradict the unqualified statement of his never having spoken from that very day, he himself bears testimony that the exceptions were so rare and so secret as to be utterly unknown, except to the two or three persons whose unexpected kindness obtained a whisper of acknowledgment from the surprised though grateful boy. When *Gomin* first entered on his duties, "*Laurent* foretold that he would not obtain a word for him," which implies that he had not opened his lips to *Laurent*. The report of the Commune, which preceded

Harmand's visit, also states, as we have seen, that he would not speak; *Harmand* and his colleagues found the same obstinate silence; and we therefore do not see that *Harmand's* accuracy is in any degree impugned by *Gomin's* secret knowledge that the child, though mute to all the rest of his visitors, had spoken to him and to one or two others, who were afraid to let it transpire. It is, no doubt, too much to say that this "*mutisme*" began immediately on the signature of the deposition of the 6th October, because there seems good reason to deny that he had any share in that deposition except signing it; he probably could not have understood its meaning, and unquestionably could know nothing of the use that was made of it—indeed, it is certain that he never knew of his mother's death. But it is equally certain that, from some unspecified date after that event, he condemned himself to what may be fairly called absolute silence. If he had any idea of the import of the depositions which had been fabricated for him, he may have resolved not to give another opportunity of perverting what he might happen to say; and the constant and cruel insults which he had to undergo as the "*son of the tyrant*," the "*roitelet*," "*the king of La Vendée*," and the like, may have awakened in his mind some sense of his dignity. Such considerations we can imagine to have dawned even on that young intellect; but in addition to, or even exclusive of, any metaphysical motives—the murder of his father, which he knew—the thoughts of his mother, which, as we shall see, troubled and tormented him—his separation from his sister and aunt—a vague consciousness that he had done something injurious to them—and, above all, the pain, prison, privations, and punishment—in short, the terror and torture which he himself endured—sufficiently account for the atrophy both of mind and body into which he had fallen, and for the silence of the dungeon, so soon to become the silence of the grave. And it is certain that even in this extremity he had more memory and sensibility than he chose to show. *Gomin's* timidity, not to say terror, of compromising himself, rendered his general deportment reserved and even severe; but one evening—Thursday, 12th March, 1795—when he was alone with the child (*Laurent* and the municipal of the day being absent at their club), he showed him some unusual marks of sympathy, and proposed something to gratify him. The boy looked up suddenly at *Gomin's* countenance, and, seeing in it an expression of tenderness, he rose and timidly advanced to the door, his eyes still fixed on *Gomin's* face with a gaze of suppliant inquiry;—"No, no," said *Gomin*, "you know that that cannot be." "I must see Her!" said the child. "O, pray, pray, let me see Her once

again before I die!" Gomin led him gently away from the door to his bed, on which the child fell motionless and senseless; and Gomin, terribly alarmed—and, as he confessed, as much for himself as his prisoner—thought for a time that he was no more. The poor boy had long, Gomin suspected, been meditating on an opportunity for seeing his mother—he thought he had found it, and his disappointment overwhelmed him. This incident softened still more the heart of Gomin.

A few days after there was another sad scene. On the 23rd March, the commissary of the day, one Collot, looking steadfastly at the child, exclaimed, in a loud doctoral tone "That child has not six weeks to live!" Laurent and Gomin, shocked at the effect that such a prophecy might have on the child, made some mitigating observations, to which Collot replied, with evident malignity, and in coarser terms than we can translate, "I tell you, citizens, that within six weeks he will be an idiot, if he be not dead!" The child only showed that he heard it, by a mournful smile, as if he thought it no bad news; but when Collot was gone, a tear or two fell, and he murmured, "Yet I never did any harm to anybody" (ii. 319).

On the 29th of March came another affliction. Laurent's tastes and feelings were very repugnant to his duties in the Temple, though he was afraid of resigning, lest he should be suspected of *incivisme*; but he had now, by the death of his mother, an excuse for soliciting a successor. It was granted, and he left the Temple with the regret of everybody. The innocence and gentle manners of the child had softened his republicanism, and reconciled him to the "son of the tyrant." The prince at parting squeezed his hand affectionately, and saw his departure with evident sorrow, but does not seem to have spoken.

One Lasne succeeded him—his nomination and instalment were characteristic of the times. He received a written notice of his appointment and a summons to attend at the Commune to receive his credentials. Not coming at once, two gendarmes, armed police, were sent, who took him from his residence and conducted him straight and suddenly to his new post. Lasne had served in the old Gardes Françaises, and this caused his election as captain of grenadiers in the St. Antoine battalion of the National Guards. He was now by trade a master house-painter. He was an honest man; of the moderate republican party with the air and somewhat of the rough manner of the old soldier. It was on the 16th. February, 1837, that M. de Beauchesne, as he tells us, "first saw Lasne, in whose arms Louis XVII. had died"—but the public had an earlier acquaintance with Lasne, which we wonder that M. de Beauchesne has not noticed. He was a principal

witness on the trial of the *Faux Dauphin*, Richemont,* in October, 1830, and then gave in substance the same account of his mission in the Temple and of the death of the young king that he again repeated without any material addition or variation to M. de Beauchesne.

For three weeks the child was as mute to Lasne as he had been to the others. At last an accident broke his silence. Lasne, having been one day on guard at the Tuileries, had happened to see the dauphin reviewing a regiment of boys, which had been formed for his amusement and instruction; and in one of his allocutions (we cannot call them conversations) to the silent child he happened to mention the circumstance, and repeated something that had occurred on that day; the boy's face suddenly brightened up, and showed evident signs of interest and pleasure, and at last, in a low voice, as if afraid of being overheard, he asked, "And did you see me with my sword?" †

Though the guardians were equally responsible for both the prisoners, Lasne was especially attached to the boy, and Gomin to Madame Royale, whom at last he accompanied on her release, and on the restoration became an officer of her household.

Lasne, a busier and bolder man than Gomin, soon discovered that the boy, whom he could barely recognize for the healthy and handsome child whom he had seen, with his sword, at the Tuileries, was in a very dangerous state, and he induced his colleague to join him in inscribing on the register of the proceedings of the Temple, "The little Capet is indisposed." No notice being taken of the entry, they repeated it in a day or two, in more positive terms, "The little Capet is dangerously ill." Still no notice. "We must strike harder," said the guardians; and now wrote that "his life was in danger." This produced an order (6th May, 1794) for the attendance of M. Desault, one of the most eminent physicians of Paris. Desault examined the patient, but could not obtain a word from him. He pronounced, however, that he was called in too late—that the case was become scrofulous, probably from a constitutional taint of the same disease of which the elder dauphin had died in 1789, aggravated by the hard treatment and confinement of so many years; and he had the courage to propose that he should be immediately removed to the country, where change of air, exercise, and constant attention, afforded the only chance of prolonging his life. The government, who desired no such result, paid no

* As this page is passing through the press we learn the death of this impostor in some obscure corner of France.

† That sword, of which M. de Beauchesne gives a drawing, still exists (or did lately) in the *Musée de l'Artillerie* at Paris.

attention to the advice, and Desault had nothing left but to order friction of the tumors at the joints, and some trivial potions which it was found for a long time impossible to persuade the child to swallow; whether he wished to die, or was, on the contrary, afraid of poison, did not appear; but, to remove the latter idea, if it existed, both Gomin and Lasne tasted the medicine; and at last, at Lasne's earnest entreaties, and as if it were to oblige him, the medicine was taken, and, as M. Desault himself expected, produced no change in the disease; but there was an improvement in his moral condition—the care and kindness of the benevolent doctor opened his lips—he answered his questions, and received his attentions with evident satisfaction; but, aware that his words were watched (the doctor was never left alone with him), the little patient did not venture to ask him to prolong his civilities, though he would silently lay hold of the skirt of his coat to delay his departure.

This lasted three weeks. On the 31st May, at 9 o'clock, the commissary of the day, M. Bellenger, an artist, who had been before the revolution painter and designer to *Monsieur*, and who still retained sentiments of respect and affection for the royal family—M. Bellenger went up into the patient's room to wait for the doctor. As he did not appear, M. Bellenger produced a portfolio of drawings which he thought might amuse the boy, who, still silent, only turned them over heedlessly; but at last, the doctor still not appearing, Bellenger said, "Sir, I should have much wished to have carried away with me another sketch, but I would not venture to do so if it was disagreeable to you." Struck with the unusual appellation of "Sir," and Bellenger's deferential manner, his reserve thawed, and he answered, "What sketch?" "Of your features; if it were not disagreeable to you it would give me the greatest pleasure." "It would please you?" said the child, and a gracious smile authorized the artist to proceed. M. Desault did not come that day—nor at the usual hour the next. Surprised at his unusual absence, the commissary on duty suggested the sending for him. The guardians hesitated to take even so innocent a step beyond their instructions; but a new commissary arrived, and terminated their doubts by announcing that "it was needless—*M. Desault died yesterday*." A death so sudden, and at such a critical moment, gave rise to a thousand conjectures—the most general was that M. Desault, having given his patient poison, was himself poisoned by his employers to conceal the crime. The character of the times and the circumstances* of the case gave a

color to such a suspicion—but there was really no ground for it. Desault was a worthy man, and, as Madame Royale has simply and pathetically said, "the only poison that shortened my brother's days was filth, made more fatal by horrible treatment, by harshness, and by cruelty, of which there is no example." (*Roy. Mem.* 278.)

The child now remained for five days without any medical attendance; but on the 5th June M. Pelletan, surgeon-in-chief of one of the great hospitals, was named to that duty. This doctor—"sent," says M. de Beauchesne, "for form's sake, like a counsel assigned to a malefactor"—had, however, the courage to remonstrate loudly with the commissaries on the closeness and darkness of the sick-room, and the violent crash of bolts and bars with which the doors were opened and shut, to the manifest disturbance and agitation of the patient. "If you have not authority," he said, "to open the windows and remove these irons, at least you cannot object to remove him to another room." The boy heard him, and, contrary to his invariable habit, beckoning this new friend to come near him, he whispered, "Don't speak so loud, for they might hear you overhead, and I should be sorry they knew I was ill—it would alarm them." "They" were his mother and aunt—who he thought were still living. The commissary—one Thory (a baker)—whose natural sympathy was thus fortified by the decided requisition of the surgeon, consented; and a room in the small tower, which had been the drawing-room of the archivist of the Order, was instantly prepared for the reception of the patient. The kind-hearted Gomin hastened to carry him in his arms—as he was no longer able to move himself—the movement caused him great torture, and his eyes, so long unaccustomed to the full light of day, were painfully dazzled; the sight however of the sun and the freshness of the air through a large open window soon revived and delighted him, and in a few minutes he turned on Gomin a look of ineffable gratitude and affection; but evening came, and from eight o'clock till eight next morning he was again locked up alone. On the morning of the 6th Lasne rubbed his knees, and gave him a spoonful of tisan, and, thinking him really better, dressed him, and laid him on the bed. Pelletan arrived soon after. He felt the pulse, and asked him whether he liked his new room.

death. He certainly died on the 1st of June; yet the Report of the *Comité de Santé Générale* to the Convention on the subject states that Desault died on the 4th. This was, no doubt, an accidental mistake, but it was a strange one in so formal a document—the more so because it shortened the surprisingly short interval between the death of the doctor and his patient from six days to three.

* An additional circumstance of suspicion was, the different dates officially given to Desault's

"O, yes!" he answered, "with a faint, desponding smile, that went to all their hearts." At dinner-time, just as the child had swallowed a spoonful of broth, and was slowly eating a few cherries from a plate that lay on his bed, a new commissary, of the terrible name of Hébert, and worthy of it, arrived. "Eh! how is this?" said he to the guardians; "where is your authority for thus moving this wolf-cub?" "We had no special directions," replied Gomin, "but the doctor ordered it." "How long," retorted the other, "have barbers (*carabins*) been the government of the Republic? You must have the leave of the Committee—do you hear?" At these words the child dropped a cherry from his fingers, fell back on the bed, and hid his face on the pillow. Then night came, and again he was locked up alone, abandoned to his bodily sufferings and to the new terrors which Hébert's threat had evidently excited.

Pelletan had found him so much worse that he solicited the committee of *Sûreté Générale* for an additional medical opinion, and M. Dumangin, first physician of another great hospital, was next day (Sunday, 7th June) sent to assist him. Before they arrived the patient had had a fainting fit, which seemed to portend immediate death; but he recovered a little. The doctors, after a consultation, decided that there were no longer any hopes—that art could do nothing—and that all that remained was to mitigate the agonies of this lingering death. They expressed the highest astonishment and disapprobation of the solitude and neglect to which the boy was subjected during the whole of every night and the greater part of every day, and insisted on the immediate necessity of giving him a sick-nurse. The Committee, by a decree of the next day (8th June), consented—as they now safely might without any danger of the escape of their victim; but on the night of the 7th the old rule was still followed, and he was locked up alone. He felt it more than usual—the change of apartment had evidently revived his hopes—he took leave of Gomin with big tears running down his cheeks, and said, "*Still alone and my mother in the other tower!*" But it was the last night of suffering.

When Lasne came in the morning of the 8th, as usual, he thought him better: the doctors, who arrived soon after, thought otherwise; and their bulletin, despatched from the Temple at 11 A. M., announced the danger to be imminent. Gomin now relieved Lasne at the bedside; but remained for a long time silent, for fear of agitating him, and the child never spoke first; at last Gomin expressed his sorrow at seeing him so weak. "*Be consoled,*" he replied, "*I shall not suffer long.*" Overcome by these words, Gomin knelt down by the bedside. The child took his hand and pressed it to his lips while Gomin prayed.

And now (says M. de Beauchesne), having heard the last words uttered by the father, the mother, and the aunt—admirable and Christian words—you will be anxious to gather up the last words of the royal child—clearly recollected and related by the two witnesses to whom they were addressed, and by me faithfully transcribed from their own lips.—ii. 362.

After the scene just described, Gomin, seeing him stretched out quite motionless and silent, said, "I hope you are not in pain." "O, yes," he replied, "*still in pain, but less—the music is so fine.*" There was no music—no sound of any kind reached the room. "Where do you hear the music?"—"Up there." "How long?"—"Since you were on your knees. Don't you hear it? Listen! listen!" And he raised his hand and opened his great eyes in a kind of ecstacy. Gomin continued silent, and after a few moments the boy gave another start of convulsive joy, and cried, "*I hear my mother's voice amongst them!*" and directed his eyes to the window with anxiety. Gomin asked once, twice, what he was looking for—he did not seem to hear, and made no answer.

It was now Lasne's hour to relieve Gomin, who left the room, and Lasne sat down by the bedside. The child lay for a while still and silent, at last he moved, and Lasne asked if he wanted anything. He replied, "*Do you think my sister could hear the music?—How she would like it!*" He then turned again to the window with a look of sharp curiosity, and uttered a sound that indicated pleasure; he then—it was just fifteen minutes after two, P. M.—said to Lasne, "*I have something to tell you.*"—Lasne took his hand and bent over to hear. There was no more to be heard—the child was dead!

A *post-mortem* examination, by Pelletan and Dumangin, assisted by MM. Jeanroy and Lassus, eminent practitioners, and of royalist opinions and connections, attested not only the absence of any signs of poison, but the general healthy condition of the intestines and viscera, as well as of the brain; their report attributed the death simply to *marasmus* (atrophy, decay), the result of a scrofulous disease of long standing—such as the swelling of the joints, externally visible, indicated; but they give no hint of the causes that might have produced, and did, beyond question, fatally aggravate, the disease.

The poor child was fated to be the victim of persecution and profanation even after death. The surgeon, M. Pelletan, who was intrusted with the special duty of *arranging* the body after the examination, had, on the *Restoration*, the astonishing impudence of confessing that, while his colleagues were conversing in a distant part of the room, he had secretly stolen the heart, and conveyed it in a napkin

into his pocket; that he kept it for some time in spirits of wine, but that it afterwards dried up, and that he threw it into a drawer, whence again it was stolen by one of his pupils, who on his death-bed (about the date of the restoration) confessed it, and directed his father-in-law and his widow to restore the theft; which Pelletan, in consequence, received from them in a *purse*, and which, "having handled it a thousand times, he easily recognized," and placed it in a crystal vase, on which were engraved *seventeen* stars. A disgusting controversy arose on the authenticity of Pelletan's relique; in consequence of which Louis XVIII., who had at first intended to place it in the royal tombs at St. Denis, retracted that design, chiefly, it is said, on the evidence of *Lasne*, who strenuously declared that, however inattentive the other doctors might have been, he had never taken his eyes off the body or Pelletan during the whole operation; that no such theft could have been accomplished without his having seen it; that he saw nothing like it; and that Pelletan's whole story was a scandalous imposture. Besides this powerful and direct objection, others arose—from the neglect with which Pelletan confessed that he had treated a deposit which, since he had taken it, he ought to have considered so sacred—from the vague story of the second theft—and, finally, from the doubt of the identity of the object returned by the widow in a purse with that which the pupil confessed to have stolen. The apocryphal object therefore remains with the representatives of Pelletan; but the disgrace of his story, whether true or false, is fixed indelibly on his memory.

But this was not all. The very grave of the poor boy became matter of controversy. There is no doubt that the body was buried openly, and with decent solemnity—accompanied by several municipal authorities and his last friend *Lasne*—in the churchyard of the parish of St. Margaret, in the Faubourg St. Antoine; but when Louis XVIII. directed an inquiry into the *exact* spot, with a view of transferring the body to St. Denis, the evidence was so various, inconclusive, and contradictory, that—as in the case of the *heart*—it seemed prudent to abandon the original design, and the remains of Louis XVII. repose undisturbed and undistinguished in a small grassy inclosure adjoining the church, and so surrounded by houses that it is not marked on the ordinary maps of Paris. It has been for more than fifty years abandoned as a cemetery—forgotten and unknown by the two last generations of men even in its own neighborhood, till the pious enthusiasm of M. de Beauchesne revealed it to us, but now we suppose never to be again forgotten—though the place seems altogether desecrated. We cannot understand—whatever good rea-

sons there might be for abandoning a search after the individual grave—why the monarchs and ministers of the restoration did not, in this narrow, secluded and most appropriate spot, raise some kind of memorial to not only so innocent but so inoffensive and so interesting a victim.

M. de Beauchesne hints that such was the frustrated desire of the Duchess d'Angoulême. Why a request so pious and so modest should have been rejected by those ministers we are at a loss to conceive. He announces that he himself designs to place some humble memorial within the inclosure. We doubt whether he will be permitted to do so; but he will at least have the consolation of having in this work dedicated to the object of his reverence and affection a monument which neither the rancor of revolutionists, the neglect of *soi-disant* royalists, nor the terrors of the new despotism can ever obliterate.

Life-Scenes, sketched in Light and Shadow from the World around us. By Francis A. Durivage. With Illustrations by S. W. Rowse. Engraved by Baker, Smith & Andrews. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co.

There seems to be no lack, either of the *vis comica* or *vis tragica* in this country; but somehow or other many of our best writers are induced or compelled to frit away their powers in brief productions that satisfy their readers for the time, but which make little or no durable impression. Indeed, it is not until after their good things are collected into a volume that the general public is aware of the excellent ability of those they have among them. It really seems as if Willis, Miss Leslie, Durivage, Burnham, and some of the correspondents of the New York Spirit of the Times, were each bound to write a long book, in justice to themselves. The volume now before us, elegantly printed and illustrated, embraces many brief compositions of fun and interest. It has quite enough, both of the tragic and comic, to make us believe that the author has sufficient ability to execute a sustained production in which his humor and pathos could be developed upon a single theme. But what is written is written—and we must take Mr. Durivage as we find him; and we find him funny enough and pathetic enough, in all conscience. Most if not all of the contents of the volume have heretofore appeared in various serial publications. Many of those originally distinguished by the signature, "The Old 'Un," will be familiar to some of our readers. They will bear a second perusal. Of the forty-seven tales and sketches, not one is tedious or trivial. Some of them are very cleverly written, and the comical ones, in particular, will have due effect upon the risibles of the reader. The book is affectionately dedicated to the author's mother (a sister of Hon. Edward Everett) as "the first to encourage the efforts, and as the most indulgent of critics."—*Boston Post.*

LEMERCIER, THE DRAMATIST. — Népomucène Lemerrier, author of the successful tragedy of "Agamemnon," and the brilliant play of "Pinto" (which, though styled by the severe canons of Parisian criticism a drama, is in fact the wittiest comedy produced in France between Beaumarchais' "Mariage de Figaro" and Scribe's "Bertrand et Raton"), was quite as original in his habits as in his works. Paralyzed on one side from his earliest youth, he maintained, under all sorts of vicissitudes, the most philosophical equanimity. Of himself and his writings, he judged as they might have been criticized by a stranger. When reading a MS. play to a friend, if some particular passage excited admiration, he would observe, "Yes, it is tolerably good. But the piece will probably fall long before they come to that." In his time, at the classical theatre at Paris, the smallest scenic innovation, or breach of the unities, was fatal to a piece. Yet, in his play of "Christopher Columbus," Lemerrier had the audacity to place the first act in Madrid, the second on board ship in the New World. Damnation, under such circumstances, was inevitable. So striking, however, were the situations, and so profound the reflections scattered through the piece, that much applause was audible even through the storm of hisses. Lemerrier, stationed behind the scenes, finding the case hopeless, ordered the curtain to be let down. The actors, however, resisted; — the manager demurred. When, lo! Lemerrier, having quietly stepped down into the prompter's box — (which in France is placed as with us at the Italian opera) — snatched away the MS., and carried it off. It was now impossible to proceed, for the author had left the house; and an explanation was hurriedly offered to the public. According to the usual contrariety of human nature, the previous malcontents became still more furious, on finding themselves defrauded of the remainder of a piece so full of original scenes and memorable thoughts, and clamored to have the representation repeated.

After ceasing to write for the stage, Lemerrier, who was a very learned man, delivered a remarkable course of lectures on Literature, at the Athénée of Paris. His cheerful disposition remained unimpaired to the last, even by his physical calamities. One day, as he was reading to the members of the French Academy a new drama — a comedy, strange to say, bearing the title of "Atilla" — he paused suddenly. "I must throw myself on your indulgence, gentlemen," said he, mildly, "I am struck blind, and cannot proceed." He had in truth totally lost his eyesight, which he never recovered. A short time afterwards, he made his appearance at the Academy, where one of his colleagues had undertaken to read, in his name, a charming Essay on the writings of Pascal, which he had just completed. At the close of the lecture, his friends crowded round him with congratulations. But, alas! poor Lemerrier could not rise from his chair to offer his thanks; he had been stricken with universal paralysis. He was conveyed home with the utmost tenderness by his brother academicians, and two days afterwards expired.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE TOAST.

THE feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
Before each eager guest,
And silence fills the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
And smiling cried: "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladies fair.
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame —
The Ladye Gundamere!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprang,
And joyous was the shout that rung
As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head,
"That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the ladye of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true!"

Then one by one each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His ladye's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'T is now St. Leon's turn to rise,
On him are fixed those countless eyes —
A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far famed in ladye's bower and hall,
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high:
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart.
Till memory be dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have past,
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye,
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said: "My Mother!"

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *A Chronological History of Voyages and Discoveries into the Arctic Regions before 1818.* By Sir JOHN BARROW.
2. *Arctic Voyages of Discovery since 1818.* By Sir JOHN BARROW.
3. *Parliamentary Papers on the Arctic Regions from 1848 to 1852.*

WELL nigh a thousand years have elapsed since Gardar Suaffarsan, a Swede, undertook the first voyage of Arctic discovery. A Scandinavian pirate, in proceeding to the Faroe Islands, a short time previously, had been driven from his course by a heavy gale of many days' continuance, and at last fell in with an island utterly unknown to the rude geography of those times. The mountains were high, and thickly covered with snow. The wanderer named the island Snowland. It was on his report that Gardar Suaffarsan, the predecessor of Parry, of Franklin, of Buchan, of Back, of James Ross, determined of set purpose to give his sails to the Arctic winds. This first voyage of northern discovery was undertaken A. D. 864. From that date until August of last year, when Commander Inglefield, in the small screw steamer the "Isabel," advanced up Smith's Sound, at the head of Baffin's Bay, to 78° N, just 988 years have passed away. We are yet discussing the possibilities of a North-western passage. We are yet in doubt whether a path can be found across the Pole by steering due north from Spitzbergen or thereabouts into Behring's Straits.

We dismiss the Scandinavian period of Arctic discovery as foreign to our present purpose. The second cycle of Polar voyages may be taken as from the year 1496, when the two Cabots discovered Newfoundland, until 1818, when Lieutenant Parry, in company with Sir John Ross, sailed for Behring's Straits. We take the third period as from the despatch of those expeditions until the present time. The reader will find that a wild legend is attached to every ice-bound cape and perilous strait during the second period named. The names of Hugh Willoughby, of Richard Chancellor, of Humphrey Gilbert, of John Davis, of Henry Hudson, of William Baffin, of James Cook, of Hearne, Mackenzie, and others, cannot be passed over without a passing tribute of admiration when we speak of the heroes of the Polar Seas. It is possible that no very important results to our national wealth and national power have as yet arisen from the endeavor to penetrate into these frozen regions.

The Davis' Straits whale fisheries and the transactions of the Hudson's Bay Company are the only qualifications which this broad assertion requires. But it is something to belong to a country which has produced men who in daily conflict with the powers of nature in their most appalling form displayed qualities so heroic.

Their ships get immovably wedged in flocs of ice, upon which they are borne away at the will of a current they know not where. Worse still, with a crash and a hoarse rushing sound, the ice is shivered to pieces, whilst the ship cracks and trembles beneath their feet. These single masses are then tossed into heaps or ground into powder. The fog settles down; the compass gives no trustworthy sign. In the midst of this hamper the ship is swayed to and fro; every moment in all probability will be her last. But discipline is preserved; the commander issues his orders, and the men obey them, as composedly as though they were bound on a summer cruise from the Start to Cawsand Bay. Such traditions as these are not without their value to a nation of seamen.

It is but just to give utterance to the admiration which every Englishman must feel when he is called upon to write or speak of the noble deeds of his countrymen. To lower the standard of heroic impulse by denying to it its due meed of praise, would be in every way an impolitic course. At the same time a moment must come when it becomes a paramount duty to inquire into the value of exertions which have long been directed, and in vain, to the attainment of a particular object. Even with heroes we must at length "take stock," and ask ourselves if we are justified in so large an expenditure of effort for such inadequate results. It may well be that, as in the case of alchemy and astrology, mankind may have obtained great collateral benefits from the various attempts which have been made to penetrate into the eternal ice, although the immediate object may not have been obtained. It will be our duty then to consider seriously how much physical science has been advanced by these Polar expeditions; for from such considerations we might derive justification for the risks that have been run, and a certain consolation for the losses we have sustained. Nay, we would even go further than this. If the Humboldts, the Aragos, the Herschels, and Faradays, and Guasses of the world are prepared to tell us that, although all efforts to force a passage in the direction of Behring's Straits, either by Lancaster Sound or due north upon the meridian of Greenwich, may have been failures, still that from these expeditions they have obtained many valuable data which they could not have derived from any other source — data which serve as the foundations or buttresses of various sciences of practical use to mankind — then it may remain a matter for the consideration of Her Majesty's Government, and of the people of this country, whether or no they will give their sanction to the despatch of further and similar expeditions. But let them be no longer directed to the attainment of an object, in all probability, visionary, and

most certainly useless in a geographical and commercial sense. Let us no longer strain at the solution of a riddle, like Christmas children, because it is a riddle, especially where so terrible a penalty must be paid in case of failure. The Polar sphinx, like her old Theban prototype, admits of no middle course. Her enigma must be solved, or the bold questioner pay forfeit with his life.

In a paper such as this, not directly pointed at philosophical objects, we will not encumber the very serious question under consideration by involving with it details of physical science. Two words only by way of protest. We are deeply sensible of the advantages which are inseparable from all contributions to our knowledge — under the heads of astronomy, magnetism, atmospherical electricity, meteorology, the tides, currents, and temperature of the ocean, pendulum observations, and so forth. There can be no reasonable objection to the despatch of expeditions similar to that of Sir James Ross to the Antarctic regions for objects of this kind, so that the risk to human life be not too great, and the importance of the end in view be commensurate with the cost and peril of the voyage. In the same way we would dissociate from the present question whatever relates to the establishment of new whale fisheries, either in Behring's Straits or in the untried waters between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen. We have sufficient evidence of success in the first of these two cases to justify us in calling the attention of commercial men to the point; with regard to the second fishing ground proposed, it would be but politic that firms interested in the trade should give the matter their best attention. A new and powerful agent of progress in the shape of steam ships can be brought to bear upon future Arctic navigation. It is not for us to set limits to possibility in the face of those marvels which are becoming the occurrences of every-day life. All that we ask is that we should pass with becoming modesty and caution from the known to the unknown. Let us not by precipitancy make enormous sacrifices of life for the attainment of objects which may naturally be realized in a few years, if they are to be realized at all, without serious danger.

For we cannot forget, and the people of this country are not likely to forget, the mysterious disappearance of Sir John Franklin and his brave companions in adventure and misfortune. The efforts that have been made by our own government, the repeated votes of the House of Commons, the constant sympathy and co-operation of the Russian Emperor, and of the more popular assemblies of the United States, afford the best evidence of the light in which this loss has been regarded, not only by the people of this country but by the whole civilized world. What consolation

that mourning lady, of whom we will not speak in terms that might indicate her bereavement, may derive from the interest displayed by his fellow-creatures in the fate of her lost and gallant husband, has been afforded her in no stinted measure. The Arctic regions have been ransacked in every spot to which our most daring navigators had yet penetrated, at no inconsiderable risk of human life. Eight years have been now fully accomplished since Franklin weighed anchor at Sheerness. His return was looked for at the close of 1847; we are now in October, 1853. On the 12th of July, 1845, he wrote a letter to Mr. H. L. Corry, from the Whale Fish Islands in Baffin's Bay, and that is the last sign of life he ever gave to his friends in this country. A few days previously he had written to Colonel Sabine, explaining somewhat of his views and intentions, and calling his attention to the fact that at the date of his letter he was victualled for three years, that is to say, precisely until the 9th of July, 1848. Again, it is our duty to invite comparison between the date named and that of October, 1853. We are well aware that Sir Edward Parry, Sir James Ross, Sir John Richardson, Sir George Back, and other worthies of the Polar Seas, have given it as their opinion that Franklin might have prolonged his resources for a longer period by economizing the stores which he took out with him from this country, and by the produce of his fishing nets and fowling pieces. We apprehend, however, that even the farthest period named by them has long since run out, save on the forlorn hope that far to the north, beyond the 80th degree of latitude, he may have found some green oasis in that unexplored Polynia, the approaches to which at least are guarded by barriers of ice so formidable that no ship's prow has yet penetrated beyond. What the portal to the Pole is we know: what may lie beyond that barrier we know not. Sir Edward Parry, Captain Beechey, Sir James Ross, Captain Pullen, and others, are there to tell us what they have seen when they made the attempt to penetrate this hamper which unites the two opposite conditions of fluidity and solidity. Let the mariner attempt to make his way by sea, and he will find himself wedged in a thick and immovable field of ice. Let the attempt be regarded as a voyage by land, and the bold adventurer will see the plain of ice shivered beneath his feet, and may esteem himself fortunate if he escape with life from amidst the shattered fragments. Even if he regains a firmer footing his observations of the heavenly bodies will soon inform him that the treacherous current beneath his feet bears him faster to the south than he can advance towards the Pole in a northerly direction by taxing his energies to their utmost limits.

Of personal testimony in favor of this sea, first, we find that Barentz, an old explorer, who wrote some two and a half centuries back, speaks of floating ice beyond Nova Zembla. From time to time many Russian fishermen and seamen have made corresponding assertions. Thus Admiral Wrangell in the year 1822, advanced from the mouth of the Kolyma over the ice to the 72d parallel, of northern latitude, when he saw a wide expanse of open sea. But, as this distinguished explorer himself admits, his discoveries leave the question of the Polar land, of which he had gone in search, entirely unsolved. Indeed, off Cape Jakan, he saw the loom of the land, and the subsequent discoveries of Captain Kellet, in the "Herald," confirm his testimony. The northern limit of the great island of Kotelnoi, which lies some 25° to the eastward of Wrangell's farthest, is 4° further to the north. On the 23d of July, 1827, Parry and his companions had reached 82° 45' N. on the 19th easterly meridian. True it was that from Spitzbergen northwards he had travelled on a Polar sea, but what the condition of this Polar sea was, and what facilities it offered to the travellers, will appear in a subsequent portion of this paper. An officer who accompanied Sir John Ross in his first expedition, stated that in his opinion Smith's Sound, at the head of Baffin's Bay, must run high up to the northward, as he had clearly seen the sun at midnight touching the horizon in that direction. The hypothesis of this gentleman has been fully confirmed by the positive testimony of Commander Inglefield, who has succeeded in advancing up Smith's Sound to the 78° N. What he met with when he got there is best narrated in its proper place. We will, however, venture at once to say that his reception at 78° N. did not appear to give much promise of Elysian fields and oases nearer the Pole.

It should be observed that the question is no longer as to the existence of a great Polar Basin, if by the use of such a term we mean that the northern coast-line of America, Asia, and Europe has now been surveyed with tolerable accuracy and completeness, and that sea has been found to exist beyond. We know that, speaking broadly, there are twenty degrees of latitude between the northern shores of those continents and the Pole, and that this space, as far as it has been yet surveyed, is partly land, partly water, open at certain seasons, and closed at others. The problem of the North-western passage has been all but solved. We do not say how long a period of human life would be consumed in the completion of the unprofitable and thankless task. The adventurer who made the bold attempt must have a physical organization impervious to the rigors of climate, a commissariat abundantly supplied, we know not from what source, unless a dozen expeditions ancillary

to his own afforded him all requisite coöperation; above all, a singularity of fortune such as no Arctic navigator has yet experienced. By a combination of so many felicities, as Lord Bacon would have styled them, he might, indeed, succeed in his enterprise; but what benefit would accrue to himself or to humanity from his lucky endeavors, we are wholly unable to suggest.

The question, then, no longer refers to the existence of this Polar Basin, which was asserted and denied with equal energy at the beginning of the present century. With the errors of past disputants we have nothing to do. As we look quietly over the arguments on either side, now that we are in a position to judge of their value by the light of actual experience, it appears to us as if there were little room for triumph either on one side or the other. To be sure a Polar Sea has been discovered, but it is a sea jammed full of ice and land, which presents about the same facilities for navigation as one of those Swiss glaciers which have furnished M. Agassiz with a subject for his ingenious speculations. No doubt there is a circular space of which the North Pole is the centre, with a diameter of 2400 miles, and, consequently, with a circumference of 7200 miles, or thereabouts, and this constitutes the Polar Basin. From their sources in Asia and North America mighty rivers pour down their tribute into this great space, to say nothing of the contributions from European Russia and Greenland. We know that the set of the current through Behring's Straits is N. E., and down Baffin's Bay, S. W.; flowing no doubt, through the multitudinous channels which intersect the Parry Islands. We know besides this just as much as our explorers have seen with their own eyes; as when Parry tells us that, being in latitude 82° 45' N., he saw before him a clear and open space which he could not have reached in ships, and which, when he reached it, could neither be sledged over nor walked over; or when Commander Inglefield adds that, being well up Smith's Sound in 78° N., he saw no land, — nothing but vast blocks of ice fiercely driven against his ships, and so he turned back. There is not one particle of trustworthy evidence beyond this, to inform us of what may be looked for within the 80th circle of northern latitude; and, with the experience of past mistakes before us, we are reluctant to place confidence in any but testimony of the most positive character. As yet our main efforts have been confined to forcing expeditions through to the westward by Barrow's Straits, or down the North American rivers to the Polar Sea, and so along its southern shore, east and west. Truth compels us to record the fact that the result of our efforts hitherto has been, not the discovery of a great open sea, but of ice-bound clumps of

land, intersected with comparatively narrow channels of water. On the other hand, we have as yet no right to assert that the space within the 80th circle of northern latitude is similarly occupied. It is a question which nothing short of actual discovery can set at rest. Of presumptive arguments in favor of the existence of this Polar Sea there is, of course, no lack. The sum of the water traceable into the disputed limits is contrasted with its possible channels of exit. What becomes of the Gulf Stream after it passes Cape North? What of the contributions from the great rivers? What of the balance of precipitation over evaporation in these frigid regions? From this theoretical preponderance of water over land a higher temperature follows; and the theory would seem to be confirmed by the known fact that the break-up of the ice moves from the north. At this point it may not be unadvisable to make brief mention of some suggestions which have been thrown out by a young German geographer, Mr. Petermann, which have excited a good deal of attention, and which come before us under the sanction of Sir Roderick Murchison, the President of the Geographical Society.

In the address delivered by that eminent man at the anniversary of the Geographical Society, in the month of May of last year, we find the following passage:—"This laborious young German physical geographer (Mr. Petermann), who is now naturalized amongst us, has shown that, whether we took to the ascertained outlines of the land, the range of the isothermal lines in certain longitudes, the results of the annual summer debacles issuing from the mouths of the gigantic rivers of Siberia, or to the great predominance of water, and with it a milder climate, it is to be inferred that if a steam-vessel were to be steered, during the winter or spring months, directly N. E. from the British Isles, she might pass into the Polar Seas in a fortnight, or little more, without encountering any serious obstacle, and thus be soon in a position which our own ships have been struggling to reach through defiles of land-locked water, encumbered by ice." Such is Mr. Petermann's proposition, as attested by Sir Roderick Murchison. The opinion is backed by the fact already mentioned of Sir Edward Parry's progress to N. $82^{\circ} 40' 23''$, at which point there was no bottom of 500 fathoms, no land, little ice, and much rain. As a confirmatory presumption, Sir Roderick quotes information derived from certain seamen who passed the winter of 1823-24 upon Bear Island ($74^{\circ} 30'$), and who neither saw packed nor floating ice, nor suffered from severe cold. The great masses of ice are held together to the land of the North Siberian shores during winter; in summer they are floated away, and render the sea in this region impassable.

We are most anxious to do all justice to the suggestions of this gentleman, both from their ingenuity and from the high standing of Sir Roderick Murchison, who has lent to them, to a certain qualified extent, the authority of his name. It is competent to any of our readers who would wish to look more narrowly into Mr. Petermann's views, and the scientific reasonings on which they rest, to read his little pamphlet, "The Search for Franklin," &c., for themselves. If we hesitate in according our assent to his suggestions, it is because we find ourselves in presence of grave facts, which appear to us, in the present imperfect state of our information, greatly to militate against their correctness. In the first place, then, the President of the Geographical Society thought it but fair, even whilst stating Mr. Petermann's views with laudatory comments, to add that "Sir G. Back, who was in the expedition of Buchan and Franklin, to the north of Spitzbergen, seemed to think that, to say nothing of darkness, the temperature would be too low in winter to admit working with the ropes among ice." This objection, however serious, is, after all, but a collateral one, as far as the darkness is concerned. The open sea of which Mr. Petermann speaks might, of course, exist, although it might be impossible to see one's way across it. Not so with the question of temperature. Captain Scoresby, in his account of the Arctic Regions, gives the mean temperature of lat. 78° N., as 17° only. The thermometer ranges more highly in May and June, and reaches its superior point in the month of July. The lower ranges to satisfy the mean are, of course, obtained in the remaining nine months of the year.* "During these nine months," says Captain Scoresby, who speaks from twelve years' observations in the icy regions, "ice is annually formed in the Spitzbergen Sea; neither calm weather, nor the proximity of land, is essential for its formation. Can it then be supposed that at the Pole, where the mean annual temperature is probably as low as 10° , the sea is not full of ice?" It is not true that the vicinity of land is indispensable for the formation of ice. If we were satisfied, as most assuredly we are not, that there is not an acre of dry land extant above high-water mark within the 80th or 81st degree of north latitude, we should still be far from the belief that it is possible during the winter or spring months to steer a steam or even a caloric ship to the North Pole and back again with success.

Captain Scoresby, in the very interesting work from which we have just quoted, describes to us, with the authority of an eye wit-

* Mr. Sharostin, however, declares that during his residence in Spitzbergen, he found the coasts clear of ice for four, and sometimes for five months every year. (Letter from Captain Sabine to Davis Gilbert, Feb. 8, 1826.)

ness, the process of the formation of ice on the open sea. He tells us that he has literally seen it "grow" to a consistence capable of stopping the way of a ship with a brisk wind, even when exposed to the waves of the Atlantic, in N. 72°. We cannot afford space to quote his description of this interesting phenomenon at length, but the general drift of it is briefly thus: The earliest shape which ice assumes is called by the sailors "sludge." This sludge consists of small detached crystals, which resemble snow when cast into water too cold to dissolve it. This smooths the surface of the sea, as oil poured upon it might do. These crystals would unite, and form a continuous sheet, if the motion of the waves permitted, but they usually break into pieces about three inches in diameter. These pieces again unite, and, striking against each other on every side, become rounded at the edge, when they constitute what is called "pancake ice." These cakes again unite, and form larger cakes, say a foot thick and many yards in circumference. When the sea is perfectly smooth—and even within N. 80°, during the nine months named, the swell must occasionally subside, the wind now and then go down—the freezing process proceeds far more rapidly; in forty-eight hours the ice will have become capable of sustaining a man's weight. Still water, for the rapid formation of ice, is always forthcoming in every opening of the main body at a distance from the sea. Let this process be carried on on a more extensive scale, and any openings that may be made in the central polar ice by the drift of fields to the S. and S. W. will soon be filled up. Such are the statements and views of a very keen observer, whose researches into this subject were carried on during seventeen voyages to the Spitzbergen or Greenland whale fishery.

At this point it is proper to make mention of the glimpses which Commander Inglefield caught last year of the supposed Polynia. This officer having failed in discovering any trace of Sir John Franklin and his party at Wolstenholm Sound, and seeing that the ice was open before him, determined to take advantage of the opportunity, and to dash boldly up Smith's Sound. The strait he found to be six miles across. "I involuntarily exclaimed," writes this officer, on entering the Sound, "this must lead into the great Polynia of the Russians, and as the eye streamed forward into the clear expanse of apparently open water, which now occupied from seven to eight points of the compass due north of our position, I could not but admit to my mind that a great sea was beyond." The west coast of this new sea trended away to the north-west, and the eastern coast more and more to the eastward. At noon on the 27th August the "Isabel" had reached 78°

28' N.; and then nothing but loose ice could be seen from aloft. The hypothesis that Baffin's Bay may find its termination at a more northern point than the one to which Commander Inglefield's researches extended is, of course, not excluded, although we admit that the observed configuration of the land would seem to imply the contrary. There was a northerly current setting up the Straits at about three miles an hour. Commander Inglefield has put it on record that at this point and at this time he could see no obstacle to his northerly progress. A contrary breeze, however, soon freshened into a strong gale, and this gale increased to a tempest, which fairly blew the "Isabel" out of the Straits, and compelled her to heave to in a storm of wind which lasted thirty-six hours.

The conclusion upon the whole evidence with regard to the Polar Sea within 80° N. would appear to be in favor of a very considerable preponderance of water over land within the limits indicated. We do not know much about the matter, but the little we do know points to such a conclusion. Should Sir Edward Belcher have steered due north up Wellington Channel, and return to tell the tale, he may throw some further light upon the subject. But when we come to ask ourselves if it be possible to navigate the sea with any kind of success, the evidence as yet shows that, during the summer months, all efforts at one point—and that point one which is marked as peculiarly favorable—have failed. We see no kind of ground as yet for believing that any further attempts which may be made up Smith's Sound will be attended with greater success than the advance made by Sir Edward Parry to the north of Spitzbergen. What more can be hoped for than little ice, much rain, and no bottom at 500 fathoms? Could the "Isabel" have steamed her way through the obstacles which were overcome by Parry and his party? Most assuredly not. Parry, indeed, has said that when he quitted the ice, a vessel might have sailed to 82°; that is, 150 miles further than the point at which Captain Buchan met with it, in 1818, in the "Dorothea" and "Trent." Moreover, the S. W. drift of the ice across which Parry so laboriously struggled would seem to point to the conclusion of open water behind, but open water which would soon be closed by the process already indicated. In the summer months, then, the task has hitherto been found impossible. We more than doubt its practicability during any of the remaining nine months, when we remember the descriptions given by survivors of the intense cold experienced in high northern latitudes during this period of the year. Sometimes the adventurer will be able to penetrate farther—sometimes not so far—into the icy barrier which encircles the Pole. The hope of one

season will be the disappointment of the next; if, indeed, it may not be productive of yet more fatal consequences by alluring the victim too far within a grasp which may for a moment be relaxed, but is never withdrawn.

Thus much we have thought it necessary to say upon a point which has attracted much attention. We freely admit that the power of the screw-propeller has never been tried in a due northerly direction, and it is certain that more might be effected by the help of this auxiliary than with sailing ships. The openings in the ice seldom last for many hours. A screw steamer might avail itself to the utmost of any favorable chance, whilst one impelled by sails must twist and turn about, and in all probability lose many a golden opportunity. There can, therefore, be no objection, at any future date — if an adequate scientific or commercial cause of sufficient importance to mankind should justify the risk — to further attempts in this direction with these new mechanical aids. It would, however — we confess it freely — be somewhat difficult to convince us of the practical utility of such a project, when compared with the risk to human life inseparable from the attempt; and still more so to inspire us with any very sanguine hope that it would be carried to a successful conclusion. As far as Spitzbergen there is safety: any scientific operation which must be carried on in so high a latitude can there be undertaken in perfect security. Mr. Sharostin, a Russian, has passed thirty-nine winters in Spitzbergen, and resided there once for fifteen years without quitting the island. Much may be done from this point by watching opportunities, and proceeding with due caution; beyond it we enter upon unknown yet certain danger.

We may now turn to the other point from which endeavors have been made to penetrate the mysteries of the Arctic Regions, reserving to ourselves the right of making brief mention of Captain Buchan's and Sir Edward Parry's Spitzbergen expeditions, as they fall into the continuity of the tale. We propose then to indicate, in a few brief notes, the progress and results of Arctic discovery between the years 1818 and 1845, the year in which Sir John Franklin sailed from England for the last time: because, from these memoranda, the present aspect of the question, as far as it bears upon the probable fate of the lost navigators, will be best understood. We shall, at least, by this kind of retrospective glance, put ourselves somewhat in the position of those who have served their apprenticeship amidst the Polar Sea. In recalling to mind the exact boundaries of what has been explored, we shall ascertain the quarters to which Sir John Franklin would in all probability have directed his course, and where it is likely what remains of his party may yet be

found — if, indeed, any such spot exist within the reach of man. It will also be our duty — our most painful duty — to recall attention to the fact, that the safe return of any one of the previous expeditions may be considered miraculous, even upon the showing of the hardy and gallant sailors who directed the operations. Certainly Sir Edward Parry, Sir George Back, Captain Lyon, Sir James Ross, are not persons of susceptible nerves — not exaggerators, not braggarts. Now, if men cast in this iron mould tell us, that for days and weeks, ay for months together, they despaired of release from the icy prisons in which their vessels were confined, whilst the crystal blocks in which they lay embedded were borne madly hither and thither at the wild will of the unseen current and the overmastering storm; a very strong and very melancholy presumption is inevitable from such statements made by such men as to the fate of the missing expedition. Thus stands the account —

1. John Ross to Hudson's Bay in the Isabella and Alexander, . . . 1818
2. Buchan and Franklin to Spitzbergen. Dorothea and Trent, . . 1818
3. Parry's first voyage. Lancaster Sound. Hecla and Griper, . . 1819-20
4. Parry's second voyage. Hudson's Bay. Fury and Hecla, . . . 1821-23
5. Lyon. Ross'. Welcome. Griper, . 1824
6. Parry's third voyage. Hecla and Fury, . . . 1824-25
7. Parry's fourth voyage beyond Spitzbergen. Hecla, . . . 1827
8. John Ross' second voyage. Regent's Inlet. Victory Steamer, . 1829-33
9. Back. Hudson's Straits. Terror, . 1836
10. Franklin. Lancaster Sound. Erebus and Terror, . . . 1845

In order to make our catalogue of Arctic expeditions complete, it will be proper to add the following names, which for obvious reasons have been omitted from the above list: —

1. Franklin's first land expedition, . 1819-21
2. Clavering (with Colonel Sabine) Spitzbergen, Greenland. Griper, . 1823
3. Franklin's second land expedition, . 1825-26
4. Beechey. Behring's Straits. Blossom, . . . 1826-28
5. Back. Land journey (search of Ross), . . . 1833-35
6. Dease and Simpson. Shores of Arctic America. Boats, . . . 1836-39
7. Mr. John Rae. Melville Peninsula, . 1846-47

We shall have occasion in the conclusion of this brief narrative to call attention to a second and third series of similar expeditions which have been dispatched since 1848 in search of the missing navigators, some of which are yet unaccounted for. It may well be that they may return to us in safety, but it is impossible to feel entire confidence in so happy a result.

It is then by the North-western passage through Lancaster Sound, that the greatest efforts have been made to pass from the Atlantic into the Pacific. The same object has been pursued upon the old track of Frobisher and Hudson, and with no better fortune. We may, indeed, point with legitimate pride to the survey of the northern coast line of America, from Icy Cape at the head of Behring's Straits (the spot which Cook attained in 1778) to the northern point of Melville Peninsula, as a substantial fruit of Polar research — but, certainly, expeditions undertaken in great ships have had little to do with such a result. The first effort was made in 1818 mainly through the instrumentality of the late Sir John Barrow, to whose unwearied assiduity the subsequent progress of Arctic research should in fairness be attributed. The object of Arctic discovery seems to have been the main idea of his life. He was singularly fortunate in his position, and in the agents who rose up under his hands; if, indeed, it be not a misapplication of terms to apply the term of "agents" to such men as Parry, Franklin, Back, James Ross, Richardson, and others of a like stamp. Let us style them rather allies in a great cause. Sir John Barrow had the ear of every successive Board at the Admiralty — he could appreciate the merits, and give weight to the suggestions of his friends, and he did so with the most complete effect. The shortest method of attaining a correct idea of how much has been effected by these Polar Paladins is to turn to the map prefixed to Sir John Barrow's "Chronological History of Arctic Voyages, before 1818." It will there be found, that the space in our maps north of the Arctic Circle, and between the west coast of Greenland and Behring's Straits, might well-nigh have been marked with a wild beast, or a sea-monster, such as we find in our old geography books to indicate perfect ignorance. Mackenzie and Hearne were supposed to have obtained glances at the Polar Sea from the mouths of the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers; but the whole coast line of America, from Icy Cape indefinitely to the east, was a perfect blank. The whale fishers were acquainted with the west coast of Greenland, and the Hudson Bay traders with the bay which bears the name of their company. The eastern sea-board of Cumberland Island had been laid down as it might be. Baffin's Bay was rather asserted than believed in; and there was an end of the hydrographical knowledge of the time in these regions. It was determined in the year 1818, to despatch two expeditions; the one with orders to steer north up Davis' Straits and then westerly, when a sufficient high latitude had been attained; the other was to make its way due north upon the meridian of Greenwich or thereabouts. The direction of the North-

western attempt was entrusted to Sir, then Captain, John Ross, and to Lieutenant Parry; Captain Buchan and Lieutenant Franklin were to make their way across the Pole.

Of the first of these expeditions the less said the better. We have no desire to renew the acrimony of past controversies; but it is certain that Sir John Ross failed in carrying out his instructions. He frittered away much precious time on the west coast of Greenland, he sailed up to the entrance of Smith's Sound, but did not attempt to penetrate further north. The expedition then steered S. W., passed the mouth of Alderman Jones' Sound without attempting to enter it, and so to the opening of that great inlet into which Parry penetrated with so much effect the ensuing year. Sir John Ross, however, contented himself with proceeding a short distance to the westward — and then, but he shall speak for himself:—"At three o'clock, on the 21st of August, I went on deck, and soon after it completely cleared for about ten minutes, and I distinctly saw the land round the bottom of the Bay forming a connected chain of mountains with those which extended along the north and south sides. . . . The mountains which occupied the centre in a north and south direction were named Croker's Mountains, after the Secretary to the Admiralty." It is almost superfluous to add, that these mountains have been proved to be but the baseless fabric of a vision. Their supposed situation is about the 81st westerly meridian. Parry and his companions sailed over the spot a few months afterwards and proceeded triumphantly until they struck 110° W. without knocking their heads against mountains or continuous coasts of any kind. It will be sufficient if we add, that the only positive result of Sir John Ross' expedition was the circumnavigation of Baffin's Bay, and the confirmation of the statements of the old navigator.

We must dismiss Captain Buchan's expedition to Spitzbergen with parenthetical mention. There is no work from which a general idea of the icy regions can be more pleasantly gained than from Captain Beechey's narrative of the expedition, although nothing was gained from it but honor and a very charming book. We pass at once to the great epoch in Arctic discovery, when EDWARD PARRY entered upon the scene in the quality of chief commander. There was evidently a peculiar fitness and congruity between the work to be done and the man appointed to do it. Even with the full conviction upon our minds of the awful dangers to which navigators who penetrate too far into the Arctic regions are exposed, it is difficult to read a hundred pages of the four quarto volumes, which contain the history of his adventures, written by himself, and not to feel that however great the embarrassments in which he may be involved — no matter

how appalling the dangers which may threaten momentary destruction to his ships — in some way or other the cool judgment and unerring tact of the commanding officer will liberate the expedition. A sailor who took service under Parry might have felt that he stood an excellent chance of being locked up for a winter or two amongst icebergs, and of spending the remaining portion of the year in conflict with the elemental powers — but if his captain had promised that he should be paid off at Portsmouth on a particular day at no matter how distant a date, he might have given directions for a jollification at the “Blue Posts” or the “Admiral Keppel,” on the day named, in full security that his trust would not be broken. More than this — he would have known that his perils and labors could not be unproductive of a result under such consummate guidance. If the service in hand were to be carried out, it would be carried out; if the powers of nature proved too strong for the daring of man, at least no stain would be attached to those who had been worsted in the endeavor. It would be improper to judge of Sir Edward Parry’s four volumes according to the usual canons of literary criticism. There is no attempt at fine writing about him. The author has been appointed to penetrate to a particular point, to make certain scientific observations, to maintain good health, good humor, and good discipline amongst his crews, and to bring them back safe to England. He does all this, and every day he jots down memoranda of the day’s work — careless of form, so he makes himself intelligible.

Our contracting space warns us that we must not enter into any minute details of Sir E. Parry’s three first expeditions. We omit more particular mention of these on the assumption that they are the best known of all the Arctic voyages. Two maps at this moment are lying open before us: the one, the map prefixed by Sir Edward Parry himself to the account of his voyage, published in 1821; the other is a little “Chart of the Arctic Regions,” published the other day by Wyld, which professes to give the subsequent discoveries, even down to the advance of Commander Inglefield up Smith’s Sound. In the course of a quarter of a century how much has been effected in a westerly direction beyond “Parry’s farthest!” True it is that to the south — thanks to the two Rosses and Mr. Rae, and also to Parry himself upon a subsequent expedition — we are acquainted with the extent and character of Prince Regent’s Inlet down to the southern point of Committee Bay. Captain Austin and Mr. Kennedy have helped us to a more accurate knowledge of the shores of North Somerset and of Prince of Wales’ Land. To the north, Wellington Channel has been navigated by Captain Parry for a considerable distance; but to the west

Parry has reached the farthest point which has ever been attained in ships. Let all due honor be given to the active and intelligent officer who made his way further on foot.

A short time after his return to England from his third voyage, we find the same indefatigable officer engaged in conducting a sledge-boat expedition from Spitzbergen in the direction of the North Pole. The credit of the idea, we believe, is due to Sir John Franklin, who commanded the “Trent,” in 1818, when Captain Buchan in the “Dorothea” was the chief. None of the Arctic expeditions is more interesting than this one, but we must dismiss it from our present attention with this brief note. As is well known, the attempt proved fruitless. On the 26th of July the party reached $82^{\circ} 40' 23''$ in long. $19^{\circ} 25' E$. The thermometer stood in the shade 31° to 36° , and 57° in the sun; no bottom at 500 fathoms. They had only accomplished 172 miles from the spot at which they had left the “Hecla,” having traversed by their reckoning 292 miles, of which 100 by water before entering on the ice. Parry calculated that, in reality, he and his party had gone over 668 statute miles of distance, as they had been compelled to cover the ground three and sometimes five times over. We leave it to the consideration of all persons in authority whether the result of this enterprise, conducted under such auspices, and terminating in such a failure, should not be esteemed conclusive against any further endeavors of the like kind to reach the Pole by means of sledges and boats, at least in the summer season.

In the whole series of Arctic expeditions we know of nothing more purely horrible than the narrative of Captain Lyon’s voyage to Wager River in the year 1824. Such relief to the feelings as may be afforded by the contemplation of human courage and human fortitude, maintained at their utmost point of tension for days and weeks together, no doubt can be derived from this brief history. But the thought will force itself in, why were men cast in so heroic a mould nailed as it were to the rack for so long a time! We know what English seamen are; there is no occasion for sacrificing a ship’s crew every now and then, that we may feel secure that the traditional heroism of the British navy has not departed from it. Does it not make the mind of the reader burn with a more than common indignation when he finds the late Secretary of the Admiralty, Sir John Barrow, coolly remarking, “It must indeed be owned that there was more than a usual want of prudence in sending such a small and sluggish ship alone through a navigation which had been proved and condemned as one of the most difficult and dangerous of the many difficult ones that occur in this part of the Arctic Seas!” Well might Captain Lyon write, on

entering the scene of his trials, that he felt most forcibly "the want of an accompanying ship, if not to help us, at least to break the death-like stillness of the seas." It was boisterous enough before they had done with it. The duty required of them was to reach Wager River or Repulse Bay, to cross Melville Peninsula, and so to proceed along the northern shore of America to Point Turnagain. Nothing of all this could be accomplished. As soon as they reached Rowe's Welcome a heavy sea set in, and a thick fog settled down; the tide was falling; every anchor was let go; there was a low beach astern of them, upon which they were dragging down, and on which the surf was rolling to an awful height. It was certain death to all had they been driven upon it, or had the tide fallen lower. There was nothing more to be done: "Every man," writes Captain Lyon, "brought his bag on deck and dressed himself, and in the fine athletic forms which stood exposed before me I did not see one muscle quiver, nor the slightest sign of alarm. . . . And now that every thing in our power had been done, I called all hands aft, and to a merciful God offered prayers for our preservation. I thanked every one for their excellent conduct, and cautioned them, as we should in all probability soon appear before our Maker, to enter his presence as men resigned to their fate. The officers sat about wherever they could find shelter from the sea, and the men lay down conversing with each other with the most perfect calmness." But we will not harrow up the feelings of our readers by any further commemoration of such scenes. All honor to the officers and crew of the "Griper," but we trust that British seamen may never again be sent in such a ship and on such an errand!

The authorities of the Admiralty appear soon to have lost sight of the history of this voyage. In the years 1836-7 the present Sir George Back, an officer whose character for ability, enterprise, and courage stands deservedly high, was despatched in a single ship—the "Terror," and well-nigh on the same business. Near Southampton Island the ship got firmly wedged in the ice, and for ten months Captain Back and his companions were driven hither and thither at the will of the winds, the currents, and the tides. At times the thermometer stood at 33°, the ice encompassed them on all sides, "crashing, grinding, and rocking." For four months of the time the case was still more desperate, when the ship was cradled in a single floe, which was borne about without possibility of control upon the current. We cannot, however, dwell upon the details of the voyage. It was unsuccessful, as the voyage of Sir Edward Parry and Captain Lyon in the same direction had been. As in the case of the

sledge-boats by Spitzbergen, or the expeditions down Prince Regent's Inlet, we would again suggest the legitimate inference from these failures. Let the passages by Roe's Welcome and Fox Channel henceforth remain the pages of a sealed book. Indeed, the subsequent additions to our geographical knowledge in this quarter would render further endeavors of a similar kind simply unnecessary.

One more voyage exhausts the catalogue given on our first list, with the single exception of Sir John Franklin's last expedition, upon which we are not, unfortunately, in a condition to speak. In the year 1829, Captain John Ross, in company with his nephew, the present Sir James Ross, sailed for Prince Regent's Inlet in a small steamer called the "Victory." The cost of the expedition, which was a private one, was defrayed by the late Sir Felix Booth. Captain John Ross proceeded down Prince Regent's Inlet to Brentford Bay, which is thirty miles south of Cape Garry, the furthest point which had been seen by Parry. The coast, which was a prolongation of the coast of North Somerset—as we now know divided from it only by Bellot's Strait—was considered by Captain Ross to be that of a yet undiscovered land, which he named "Boothia," after the gentleman who had supplied him with funds. There can, however, be no doubt that Captain Ross conducted his expedition with great spirit, even to a degree of rashness. The ship was pushed down as far as Felix Harbor, and from this point some very important excursions were made by Captain John Ross and his nephew. Amongst other fruits of the expedition must be named the determination of the situation of the North Magnetic Pole—a result attributable to the scientific skill of the present Sir James Ross—and the partial survey of the western shore of Boothia. It will be sufficient if we add that Commander James Ross in the course of his survey of the north-west coast of Boothia reached some straits, which he crossed, and found himself upon an island. From this island, again, he passed over to that which Mr. Simpson has since proved to be also an island, and which is now known as King William's Land. This was the furthest westerly point attained by the expedition. They were obliged to abandon their ship at Felix Harbor, and make their way by Fury Beach to Barrow's Straits. The Straits, however, were found impracticable, and they were compelled to fall back upon the stores at Fury Beach, and so to pass their fourth winter—the winter of 1832—in the icy regions. It was not until the night of July 25, 1833, that they succeeded in reaching Navy Board Inlet in their boats. The party was soon aroused with the joyful intelligence that a ship was in sight. By a most singular coincidence this vessel turned out to be the "Isabella," of Hull, the very

ship in which Captain John Ross had proceeded to the Arctic regions for the first time in 1818. He and his companions now enjoyed a felicity given to few; namely, that of hearing the particulars of their own deaths, and the grief which their loss had occasioned.

We do not propose to enter at all into the particulars of any of the expeditions mentioned in the second list. The trip made by Captain Clavering with Colonel Sabine on board, to Spitzbergen and Greenland, holds forth no lesson, and the same may be said of Captain Beechey's run to Behring's Straits, and of his advance to Point Barrow. The two wonderful expeditions of Sir John Franklin, in company with Sir John Richardson and Sir George Back, will always remain as amongst the most astonishing feats performed by men who survived to tell the tale. We cannot picture to ourselves scenes of greater desolation than those in which a few jaded and starved men might have been seen staggering through a wilderness destitute of food and hope, now plucking a rare tuft of "rock-tripe," now sinking exhausted on the ground; the murder of poor Hood, the righteous retribution inflicted on the treacherous Iroquois, — all must be too familiar to our readers to need repetition here. But we must not pass over the fact that the well-nigh entire survey of the coast of North America, from Icy Cape to the northern point of Melville Peninsula, has been accomplished by the exertions of the brave and skilful men whose names are recorded on our second list. Surely, nowadays, it must be unnecessary to refer in terms of praise to such narratives as those of Captain Back and Mr. Rae, or to Mr. Simpson's description of how much has been effected on the shores of North America by the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company.

We now arrive at that point in the history of Arctic discovery which still continues to occupy the attention of the civilized world: we mean the disappearance of Sir John Franklin and his companions. Were the authorities of the Admiralty justified in despatching a further expedition in the year 1845 in search of a North-western Passage? Surely the apprehensions that had been aroused in the public mind by the protracted absence of the two Rosses, some twelve years before, should have been sufficient to inspire hesitation as to the propriety of any such step. Captain Parry, indeed, had been arrested off Melville Island. Sir John Franklin, therefore, was directed to push forward in the latitude of $74^{\circ} 14'$ till he reached the longitude of Cape Walker, or about 98° W. From that point he was to shape a course southward and westward as directly as might be for Behring's Straits. On the 26th May, 1845, Sir John Franklin sailed from Sheerness with the "Erebus" and "Terror," Captain Crozier being the second in command.

We have already mentioned the two letters written by this officer from Baffin's Bay to Mr. Corry and to Colonel Sabine. The subsequent fact that the expedition was seen by whalers is of little account, as we now know that they passed the winter of 1845-46 in a small cove between Cape Riley and Beechey island, facing Lancaster Sound. Here Captain Ommanney discovered three graves bearing the names of W. Braine, R. M., and John Hartnell of the "Erebus," and John Torrington of the "Terror." Here, too, were found remains of the observatory, carpenter's shop, and armorer's forge. Upon the hill-side and beach were fragments of wood, metal, and clothing, with stacks of empty meat-tins. They had already consumed largely of their supplies. Subsequently traces were found to the northward of Port Innis, Wellington Channel, which might, however, have belonged to a travelling party which had subsequently returned to the main encampment. These again consisted of fragments of clothing, preserved meat-tins, and scraps of papers. One of these bore the name of M'Donald, the medical officer to the expedition. The mind dwells with anxiety upon these few relics of so much life and heroism, as though it were possible to extract from them some meaning or suggestion. But, no! inexplicable mystery! at this point we are thrown upon the vague chapter of possibilities. Every man has his hypothesis, and his suggestion. All of these, which have reasonable color and semblance, have been acted upon. Expedition after expedition has been sent out, but all in vain: beyond the few points already named, and the flying phantasmagoria of the two ships seen by the "Renovation," we have not a fact to go upon. The mystery remains as impenetrable as at the first moment it was proposed for solution.

Already, in 1847, the Admiralty had begun to conceive alarm as to the fate of the missing voyagers. Instructions, bearing date January 3, 1848, were given to Commander Moore to take the brig "Plover" round to Behring's Straits, in order to afford relief to Sir John Franklin and his party, should they have succeeded in making their way so far through the ice. We have heard from the "Plover" in August, 1852. She has been moved up to Point Barrow under another commander, no tidings having been received of the lost navigators, and the anxiety is now for another expedition which has been sent through Behring's Straits in search of the first Commander Moore was to be joined by Captain Kellett with the "Herald," and together they were to do what was best to be done, to enter inlets, to search the coasts, to question the natives; above all, to send out boat parties to the eastward, which were directed to coöperate with a party which was to descend the Mackenzie River under the command of Sir John

Richardson. The service was subsequently accomplished, but it led to nothing. Sir John Richardson, the companion and friend of the gallant Franklin, in a moment postponed every other engagement and consideration to the duty of succoring his former chief. Again he visited the "barren grounds," in which, in other days, he had known the extremes of human misery; but not all his devotion, not all his singleness of purpose, could avail against the powers of nature. He was forced to return, delegating his sacred trust to Mr. John Rae, a gentleman every way worthy to occupy his place — we can give no higher praise.

But we must not anticipate the course of events. It will be our duty presently to mention specifically what has been accomplished, or rather attempted, on the side of Behring's Straits, and on the mainland. To go back a few months: it was as early as February, 1847, that Captain Hamilton wrote to the most distinguished Arctic navigators, requesting their opinion as to the course that should be pursued. Sir John Ross had written to the Admiralty offering his service to proceed up Barrow's Straits in search of the expedition. His idea was that Franklin had got his ships into the drift ice at the western end of Melville Island, a situation from which he would be unable to extricate them, and that as the drift of the ice on the spot indicated was to the southward they must have been carried to land seen at a great distance in that direction. Sir John's proposition was to secure his own ship in harbor at the southern side of Barrow's Straits — to carry succor, if possible, to the voyagers, if not, to await them; and meanwhile to survey the western coast of Boothia, in order to decide the question of a North-west passage. The proposal was referred to Sir Edward Parry, but did not meet with the approval of that officer. His suggestion was to push supplies to the northern coast of America by the assistance of the Hudson's Bay Company, and to direct the commander-in-chief in the Pacific to send a small vessel to look into Behring's Straits, which vessel was to despatch a boat expedition to the eastward in the manner pursued by Captain Beechey in the "Blossom." Sir James Ross advised, independently of this machinery, if no tidings were received of the expedition before the conclusion of 1847, that preparations should be made for sending out two ships in search, of equal power with the "Erebus" and "Terror," which should pursue, as nearly as might be, what might be supposed to be the same route. Colonel Sabine looked for the lost voyagers at Behring's Straits, and recommended that an especial look-out should be kept there. He even considered it as probable that they might come down the Asiatic or the American side of the

Strait should they have succeeded in reaching the open sea spoken of by Wrangell. Captain Beechey appears rather to have looked to the probability that Sir John Franklin should have got down upon Victoria Land, his first great effort being made S. and S. W. of Cape Walker, and have there been blocked up by the ice. In this case he was of opinion that Franklin would rather have directed his boats up Sir James Ross' Straits and Regent's Inlet than have attempted a long land journey upon the continent of America. We should add that in a second memorandum, Sir James Ross, enlarging upon Parry's idea, suggested the propriety of establishing a *dépôt* ship somewhere about Behring's Straits, approving specifically of the employment of the "Herald" and the "Plover" in the manner afterwards carried out.

Our notice of so many distinct expeditions as were recommended, and despatched, must necessarily be confined in a very small space. It should be remembered that we are now writing six years after these recommendations were offered, and these expeditions organized. It cannot be said, even now, that they were ill-advised or ill-judged. They all proceeded upon the idea that Franklin was blocked up in some inlet or creek in that well-nigh unknown district of the Arctic Sea which lies between the 90th and 120th W. meridian, and between 70° and 75° N., or thereabouts. Either he was still here confined in the ice, or he had succeeded in passing through these land-locked inlets with his ships, or, finally, and more probably, he had abandoned his ships at some point or other of this inhospitable region, and was endeavoring, he and his 137 companions, to effect their escape in boats. But in what direction? there lay the main point of the question. Some, as it has been seen, were of opinion that Franklin would make for the Hudson's Bay settlements; others looked for him in Barrow's Straits by way of Prince Regent's Inlet; others at a still more easterly point of the same straits. Again, it was suggested that he might have made his way so far to the east, that he would next be heard of in Behring's Straits. Measures were taken to meet all these contingencies. Whatever may be our opinion as to the propriety of sending Franklin upon such an errand at all, certainly the Board has not been remiss in organizing and carrying out measures for his relief. These commence even from so early a period as two years after his departure from England.

In the first place, as we have already stated, Sir John Richardson and Mr. Rae left this country for the Mackenzie River on the 25th March, 1848. On the 4th of August they reached the sea, and narrowly searched the whole coast from the Mackenzie to the Copernicus. No traces of the missing voyagers

were found, and the explorers were convinced, from the inquiries they instituted amongst the Esquimaux, that no ships had passed within view of the mainland. Sir John Richardson seems to have become more and more impressed with the opinion that the ships were probably shut up in some of the passages between Victoria, Bank's, and Wollaston Lands. Franklin, in his opinion, would have complied literally with the Admiralty directions, and have pushed directly for Cape Walker, and thence to the S. W., without looking to the S. or N. of Barrow's Straits. This opinion was expressed after the result of the fruitless journeys undertaken by Sir James Ross and his companions was known. In pursuance of his own idea, and in compliance with their instructions, Sir John Richardson left Mr. Rae to complete his search in the quarters indicated, and returned to England in 1849. We should add that in the autumn of the same year Mr. Rae was joined by Commander Pullen, who had come with a party of twelve from the "Plover" to the Mackenzie from Wainwright Inlet. This officer, as he was on his return to England, was met by counter-orders from the Admiralty, which directed him to move back eastward as far as Cape Bathurst, and then strike out to sea direct for Bank's Land. This incident naturally falls into place here in connection with Mr. Rae's efforts in the same direction. It must be sufficient, if we add, that after a failure owing to the inclemency of the weather, Mr. Rae, in May, 1851, succeeded in crossing over the straits to Wollaston Land, and examined that district between 110° and $117^{\circ} 17' W.$ without finding any passage to the north, without coming on any trace of Franklin's party, and without obtaining any tidings of them from the Esquimaux; nor were his subsequent exertions attended with better effect as far as Franklin and his party were concerned. Another disappointed hope.

The efforts made by Sir John Richardson and Mr. Rae were to be contemporaneous with the advance of the "Plover," Commander Moore, into Behring's Straits, supported by Captain Kellett in the "Herald." No success, as far as the main object of their expedition was concerned, attended the efforts of these gentlemen. In a geographical point of view, Captain Kellett made an important addition to our knowledge, by the glimpse he caught of land almost identical in position with that seen by Admiral Wrangell, off Cape Jakan, in 1822. How if there should be a vast mass of land at this point, or, more probably, a mass of islands, like that round Melville and Barrow's Straits? Be this, however, as it may, Captain Kellett in due time departed, and the "Plover" was placed in Kotzebue Sound for the winter. Lieutenant Pullen had previously quitted her at Wainwright

Inlet, from whence, as we have already mentioned, he made his way to the Mackenzie River, and joined Mr. Rae, after a most arduous and dangerous passage. Thus, then, the whole northern coast of America, from Behring's Straits to the Coppermine, had been carefully examined in the course of 1848-49, without tidings of the missing expedition. The attention of the Indians and the Esquimaux, and of all the Hudson's Bay Company stations, and of the Russian stations on the Colville, was earnestly directed to procure any tidings of the lost voyagers. No tidings have ever been received.

In conjunction with these efforts we must now mention the searching expedition sent out under the command of Sir James Ross. This attempt, too, like all others to succor the doomed voyagers, terminated in absolute failure. In this instance, again, the Admiralty cannot be said to be obnoxious to the reproach of having employed inefficient agents, or entrusted them with insufficient means. No name on the list of Polar explorers stood higher than that of Sir James C. Ross, who had returned, five or six years previously, from the Antarctic regions, where, in the course of four years, he had greatly distinguished himself, both as a seaman and a scientific observer. Two ships were put under his charge — the "Enterprise" and "Investigator;" the first, a vessel of 540, the second, of 480 tons. The united complement of the two ships amounted to 136 men — just three men less than Franklin took with him. On the 12th of June, 1848, this expedition left England, and after meeting with considerable difficulty from the ice in Baffin's Bay, succeeded in reaching Possession Bay on the 30th August. Barrow's Strait was examined nearly to the entrance of Wellington Channel. Thick ice choked up the passage, and after an attempt to find winter quarters near Cape Rennell, on the opposite coast, the ships were finally brought up at Leopold Island. The situation cannot be considered a bad one, with reference to the end in view, as being a central point at which the four great highways of this region unite, or nearly so. Sir James Ross, moreover, appears to have had little choice in the matter. At Port Leopold, then, they remained during the winter, and, early in the spring of 1849, travelling parties were sent out in every direction. Sir James Ross himself advanced along the northern shore of North Somerset as far as the little island of which Cape Bunny forms part. In every direction save south, nothing could be seen but heavy hummocky ice. To the south the party proceeded for some distance, but came upon no traces of the missing expedition. During Sir James Ross' absence, the northern shore of Barrow's Straits, and the eastern and western shore of Bryant's Inlet had been ex-

ained as far as practicable; but all was in vain. Finally, he appears to have come to the conclusion that Franklin could not have been detained in that part of the Arctic regions, and that the only safe ground of reliance must be placed on the operations of Sir John Richardson on the northern coast of America. What remains to be told is melancholy enough. The story certainly does not bear upon the fate of the lost ships, save in so far as it affords an example of the perils of Arctic navigators. At the latter end of August, 1849, the "Enterprise" and "Investigator" succeeded in getting clear of Leopold Harbor, and a course was shaped for the north shore of Barrow's Straits with the view of examining Wellington Channel, and then proceeding to Melville Island. When the explorers arrived about twelve miles from the shore, nothing but an uniform sheet of heavy ice was seen to the westward. On the 1st September the ships were beset in the loose pack. Ridges of hummocks were thrown up around them. The thermometer fell to zero, and the whole body of the ice was formed into a solid mass which formed one entire sheet extending from shore to shore in Barrow's Strait. Every man on board the two searching ships had made up his mind that they were destined to pass the winter where they were, when suddenly the wind shifted from east to west, and the whole body of ice began to drive eastward at the rate of eight to ten miles daily. Thus, in the centre of a body of ice more than fifty miles in circumference, the two vessels were carried hopelessly along in a position in which human skill and courage could be of little avail indeed. It is almost unnecessary that we should recall the reader's attention to the similar situation of Captain Back in the "Terror," twelve years before, in Hudson's Bay. Nothing now was anticipated by the crews but certain destruction; for on the west coast of Baffin's Bay they were well aware that upon the shallow banks they would meet with so many grounded icebergs as to render it well-nigh impossible that they should escape destruction. They were slowly borne along until they were abreast of Pond's Bay, when they saw a number of icebergs stretching along their path, and resigned themselves to their doom. At this moment, as though at a given signal, the field of ice was shivered into fragments; all sail was made, warps were run out, and the crews succeeded in springing the ships past the heavy floe-pieces, and thus reached the open water. It had, however, become impossible to do anything more that season, as every harbor was closed, and signal was made to shape a course for England. The ships were brought home in safety in the last days of October, 1849.

Great disappointment was felt at the failure of this expedition, for expectation had been

highly raised. Early in 1849 the "North Star," under the command of Mr. Saunders, had been despatched with supplies and provisions to Sir James Ross; but by a curious enough coincidence at the very time the "Enterprise" and "Investigator" were being drifted down Lancaster Sound, as everybody supposed, to certain destruction, the "North Star," which had been sent to their succor, nearly shared the same fate near Melville Sound in the northerly part of Baffin's Bay. It was on the 21st September that as the "North Star" was being borne along upon an ice-field, a huge iceberg was descried just across their path. The very obstacle which threatened them with destruction proved their salvation. A corner of the field struck against the berg; the effect of the blow was to spin the field round, cut it open, and release the ship. It is not without great pain that we call attention to such incidents as these; but when Arctic navigators are missing for eight years, it is irrational to dismiss from our calculations all recollections of what has happened to persons similarly circumstanced. On the 21st of September, 1849, there was not one chance out of a hundred that the "Enterprise" and "Investigator," the ships that had been sent out to succor Franklin, and the "North Star," which had been sent out to succor the "Enterprise" and "Investigator" should have escaped destruction with total loss of all men on board the three ships. The "North Star" wintered in Wolstenholme Sound, and was not able to get clear of her winter quarters until August, 1850. That we may for the moment dismiss the ships from our consideration, we will here add, that in August, 1850, she fell in with certain other searching ships which had more recently sailed from England and the United States, and which we shall have occasion presently to mention, landed her supplies in Navy Board Inlet, and returned safe to England in the end of September, 1850.

With the adventures of the "North Star," the first series of the expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin and his companions concludes. Recapitulating these in order, we find that Commander Moore with the "Plover," and Captain Kellet with the "Herald," were sent to guard the Behring's Straits' outlet, should it have so happened that Franklin had succeeded in penetrating so far east. A boat party from the "Plover" was despatched under the command of Lieutenant Pullen to the Mackenzie, whilst Sir John Richardson and Mr. Rae, making their way through the Hudson's Bay settlements, carried on the examination of the west from the Mackenzie to the Coppermine. Next, Lieutenant Pullen was directed upon Banks' Land, from Cape Bathurst, while Mr. Rae undertook to make what search the powers of nature would permit in

Wollaston and Victoria Lands. Sir James Ross, meanwhile, was appointed to follow upon Franklin's course down Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits, whilst Mr. Saunders was despatched after him the following year, with supplies and instructions to prolong his examination of the various inlets into Barrow's Strait. We shall consider all the expeditions which have been since despatched until Sir Edward Belcher's, as forming part of a second series of efforts to follow up the search of the missing navigators.

First, let us direct our attention to Behring's Straits. At this point we still find the "Plover" stationed as *dépôt-ship*: she had passed the winter of 1849-50 at Chamiasso Island. In the summer of 1850 she had again been joined by the "Herald," and again the two ships bore up for the north until they were turned back by the pack-ice. But a more serious attempt was intended by way of Behring's Straits, and was actually carried out in January, 1850, by the despatch of the "Enterprise" and "Investigator" under the command respectively of Captain Collinson and Commander M'Lure. The ships were separated at sea. On the 15th of August, Captain Collinson with the "Investigator" reached Wainwright Inlet, and endeavored to push for the east, but was turned back by the ice. He reached the meridian of Cape Barrow, and then having satisfied himself that further progress with the ships northerly and easterly was simply impossible, he was compelled to return to Point Hope. We are most happy in being enabled to state that the *Panama Herald* of Dec. 25, 1852, mentions that the "Enterprise" had been recently seen by American whalers. With regard to the "Investigator," with Commander M'Lure, we know that she was seen by the "Herald" off Point Hope on the 31st of July, 1850, steering for Point Barrow, which place she must have reached nearly a fortnight before the "Enterprise." We know, moreover, that it was Commander M'Lure's declared intention to push his ship into the ice off Cape Bathurst if he could get there, or upon the 130° W. meridian, and so endeavor to reach Banks' Land. Supposing all to go well, and his ship to be liberated in due course, his next effort would be to get to the northward of Melville Island, and to penetrate in the direction of Jones' Sound. If the ships could not be extricated, this officer was to make his way in boats and sledges either to Leopold Harbor or the Mackenzie, according to circumstances. The ship is victualled until September of the present year; but in Commander M'Lure's last despatch (July 20, 1850), he mentions that their provisions might be spun out so as to yield another year's supply. We have nothing further to tell about the "Investigator" and her crew.

Along the northern line of America the most vigilant watch is kept, not only at the Hudson's Bay posts, but by the natives, who have been roused to undertake researches in every direction. It must be confessed, that in this quarter hope has long since given way to discouragement, and discouragement is sinking into despair. It is not conceivable, had Sir John Franklin and his party been compelled to abandon their ships at any point between Melville and Barrow Straits and the northern coast of America, that they would not long since have succeeded in reaching the continent had such been their intention. It is of course possible that they might have perished somewhere in this region, either by a sudden and overwhelming calamity, or in the course of their endeavors to arrive at a place of succor. But the calamity, if it occurred there, must have occurred long since. It seems absolutely incredible, even with what we know of the inhospitable nature of the Arctic regions, that some of the party should not, in the course of these many years, have succeeded in reaching a point, which, on the worst supposition, could not have been above three or four hundred miles distant from the spot at which they were stopped. The northern coast of America, and the westerly region about Behring's Straits, as we have shown, were provided for; it next becomes our duty to mention the efforts made for the relief of the lost travellers by way of Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound, subsequently to the return of Sir James Ross in 1849.

Our rapidly contracting space warns us that our mention of these expeditions must be of the briefest kind. We the more readily acquiesce in this necessity, because, as far as Sir John Franklin is concerned, all these expeditions have been unsuccessful, and because we shall simply be dealing with that small section of the polar regions to which our former remarks must in some degree have familiarized the reader. The ships of which we are about to give a list were directed, with one exception, upon the track of Parry and the two Rosses, and have not succeeded in adding much to the information with which we had already been furnished by these remarkable men. Captain Penny—let honor be given where honor is due—discovered open sea up Wellington Channel. Mr. Kennedy, in the "Prince Albert," in company with a most humane and gallant officer of the French navy, Lieutenant Bellot, traced the narrow Straits that separate North Somerset from Boothia, and conducted an expedition upon the main of Prince of Wales' Land, which, taken in conjunction with Sir James Ross' earlier discoveries, and the subsequent expedition of Mr. Rae to Victoria Land, would seem to show that a communication actually does exist between Barrow's Straits and the

channel on the north of America by an inlet running south of Cape Walker; in other words, by such an inlet as the one contemplated by the Admiralty instructions to Sir John Franklin. Every credit is also due to Captains Austin and Ommanney for their exertions, and for the additions they have made to our hydrographical knowledge on the west of Prince of Wales' Land, in Melville Straits, and at the mouth of Jones' Sound, and more particularly to Lieutenant M'Clintock for his advance to the most westerly point yet attained. But it is not necessary to enter into details of these expeditions, as they have not succeeded in throwing any light upon the fate of Franklin and his companions, beyond the one point to which we have already adverted; namely, that they passed the winter of 1845-46 at the mouth of Wellington Channel. Thus then stands the list, exclusive of the Behring Straits expedition, consisting of "Enterprise," "Investigator," and "Plover," and of Mr. Kennedy's subsequent voyage alluded to above.

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| 1. | { | Resolute, . . . | Captain Austin. |
| | { | Assistance, . . . | Captain Ommanney. |
| | { | Pioneer (Screw), | Lieutenant Osborn. |
| | { | Intrepid (Screw), | Lieutenant Cator. |
| 2. | { | Lady Franklin, . | Captain Penny. |
| | { | Sophia (tender), | Mr. Stewart. |
| 3. | { | Advance, U. S., . | Lieutenant De Haven |
| | { | Rescue, U. S., . | Mr. Griffin. |
| 4. | { | Felix, | Sir John Ross. |
| | { | Mary (tender). | |
| 5. | | Prince Albert, . | Commander Forsyth. |
| 6. | | Isabel, | Commander Inglefield. |

All these expeditions have returned home *re infectâ*. Nothing has resulted from their efforts but the single discovery of the first winter encampment. It would, of course, be idle to enter upon any discussion of mere rumors, such as that of Adam Beck and the Esquimaux, which have been raised and set at rest. We must deal with facts, not with rumors; but we are still left drifting about the sea of conjecture.

If we do not speak in detail of the gallantry and ability displayed by Captain Austin, Captain Ommanney, Commander Forsyth, Captain Penny, Mr. Kennedy, and Lieutenant Bellot in the course of the various expeditions above enumerated, it is not that we are insensible to the value and character of their services. More particular mention of one would be injustice to all the others, and considerations of space forbid the attempt to assign to all their due meed of praise. But we should indeed be obnoxious to the charge of ingratitude, were we to conclude these remarks without offering a tribute of thanks to the people of the United States, and more especially to the Senate, and to that princely merchant,

Mr. Grinnell, for their sympathy and exertions on behalf of our lost countrymen. If the "Advance" and "Rescue" have not discovered any traces of Franklin and his companions, certainly it has not been for want of effort on the part of the brave men who undertook the charge of the expedition. Expressions of praise in such a case, we feel, would be misplaced. The people of the United States have made our sorrows their own: we are mourners in a common cause. To the Emperor of Russia, too, and to his subjects, our most heartfelt acknowledgments are due for the assistance invariably rendered by them to our ships and exploring parties. It was but the other day the Imperial Government took the warmest interest in the projected expedition of Lieutenant Pim. The young officer had proposed to pass overland to the extreme point of Siberia, to the seats of the Tchukchi, the district formerly visited by Admiral Wrangell; and to carry assistance, if it might be, to his absent countrymen from that point. Admiral Matiushkin, however, after full consideration, could not advise the Czar to take the responsibility of forwarding the young officer to his destination, and he was compelled to return. On every occasion we have met with the most zealous coöperation from the Russian authorities at Behring's Straits.

Thus, we have exhausted the second series of "Voyages in Search." Such of them as are still in operation must be carried on as part of the third great attempt which is now in progress. The main feature of difference which distinguishes this attempt from former ones is, that the officer commanding the expedition in chief has been directed to make his way up north by Wellington Channel to the open sea spoken of by Captain Penny. Another officer is to make his way to Melville Island; but Sir James Ross and Captain Austin were previously charged with the same duty. We can scarcely hope that Captain Kellett will succeed in reaching a more westerly point than Lieutenant M'Clintock. This new expedition is composed of the same ships as Captain Austin took out with him on the previous occasion, namely, the "Resolute," "Assistance," and the two screw steamers "Pioneer" and "Intrepid." To these the "North Star" has been added.

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| Assistance, | Sir E. Belcher. |
| Resolute, | Captain Kellett. |
| North Star, | Commander Pullen. |
| Pioneer, | Commander Osborn. |
| Intrepid, | Commander Cator. |

The "North Star," by the latest advices, September 7, 1852, was stationed as a depot-ship at Beechey Island, in the mouth of Wellington Straits. Sir Edward Belcher had gone up Wellington Channel on the previous

15th August. On the same day Captain Kellet had sailed eastward for Melville Island. The despatches brought home the intelligence that the season was what is called an uncommonly "open" one, or, in other words, that the passages were unusually free from ice. What the result of all these efforts may be, it is not for us to predict; but at least we think public opinion will bear us out in the assertion that the sacred duty of searching for our missing countrymen and their gallant chief has not been loosely performed. For six continuous years the search has been prosecuted with unremitting ardor, and without one answering token which could inspire hope of a successful result.

An idea seems to have arisen that Sir John Franklin has, in effect, passed up Wellington Channel into a northern sea; but it is based upon no firmer grounds than we know of than the fact, that he spent his first winter (1845-46) at the mouth of this strait, and that no traces of him have been found elsewhere. Sir John Franklin was not a man to depart from the letter of his instructions; and we know that those prescribed to him another course; leaving him, no doubt, a discretionary power in face of impossibilities. To our apprehension, it is not compatible with the orders under which he was acting, or with what we know of his declared intentions, that Sir John Franklin should have advanced up Wellington Straits until he had spent a second season on the ice upon the line of his prescribed route. It is simply inconceivable that he should have pushed on into this hypothetical Polynia without leaving at some spot a record of his movements, at Cape Riley or elsewhere. The more he was about to diverge from the tenor of his instructions, the more certain does it seem that he would have left behind some notice of his intention. If any inference can be founded upon this absence of information, it would be that he had departed from Cape Riley upon his appointed path, and had there encountered his fortune, whatever it might be. It is just possible that he may have been hurried up Wellington Channel into the Polynia amongst the ice, or into a great bay, without time for preparation. Every appearance at his first encampment would seem to negative this suggestion. There was no evidence of haste, the expedition departed leisurely and in order. All that can be said is, that this contingency too has been provided for. Sir Edward Belcher has been despatched upon this track—we can only trust that he may meet with more success than should, in reason, be anticipated. The discoveries of Captain Austin and Commander Inglefield would seem to preclude all hope by way of Jones' or Smith's Sounds; although, in any case, we do not believe that Sir John Franklin, had he

been driven out of Baffin's Bay at the break-up of the winter season, would quietly, and with favorable gales, have advanced through unexplored passages at the head of Baffin's Bay without communication or memorial. To be sure, he may have been driven out of Lancaster Sound, as Sir James Ross was; and, when in Baffin's Bay, may have been overwhelmed by a sudden calamity, such as the one from which the "Enterprise," the "Investigator," and the "North Star" narrowly escaped. It is but right that we should here take notice of the decided opinion expressed by Sir John Richardson in the introduction to his recent work ("Journal of a Boat Voyage through Rupert's Land,") which is to the effect, that if the ships had been overwhelmed by some sudden calamity in Baffin's Bay, the disciplined and well appointed crews of Sir John Franklin, with every requisite machinery at their disposal, would have effected their escape in their boats; and that some, at least, of them would have turned up—to make no mention of the spars and relics of the wrecks. This naturally brings us to another fact in this sad history, which has attracted much attention, and which has only added to the previous confusion of conjecture.

On or about the 20th of April, 1851, the brig "Renovation," bound from Limerick to Quebec, being then at no great distance from St. John's Light, in Newfoundland, sighted a large iceberg. On this iceberg, which stood about thirty feet out of the water, and was about two miles in length, two abandoned vessels were observed. One was certainly high and dry; the other might have had her keel and bottom in the water, but the ice was a long way outside of her. The larger one of the two appeared to be between 400 and 500 tons burthen; the smaller one somewhat less in size. The large one was lying on her beam-ends, with nothing standing but her three lower masts and bow-sprit; the smaller one was upright, with her three masts, top-masts on end, topsail and lower yards across. The vessels were distinctly made out by the master, the mate, the man at the wheel, and, if we remember right, by others of the crew. The "Renovation" did not approach the abandoned ships nearer than five or six miles; the reason stated is, that the ship was under-handed at the time, the master ill, and the weather unfavorable. They approached, however, sufficiently close to be quite convinced that no one was on board, and that no boats could be made out. This is their own tale. It should be added, that the "Doctor Kneip," a Mecklenburg brig, which arrived at New York, from Sligo, a fortnight later than the date of this occurrence, and which consequently must have passed over the same region somewhat more

to the southward, saw much ice on the banks, also "two vessels abandoned and waterlogged." There is uncertainty as to the precise date. The "Doctor Kneip" sailed with emigrants from Sligo on the 3rd of April, 1851, and arrived at New York on the 3rd of May.

Opinions have varied as to the value of this information with reference to Sir John Franklin's expedition. In Newfoundland the story is disbelieved; it is there said, that if an iceberg of the magnitude described had passed along their coast from the north, it must have been seen by some of the sailing vessels which were then out in the waters named, or by some of the vessels which at that season are on their way to or from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Nova Scotia, or New Brunswick; or, finally, by the weekly steamers which run between Liverpool, Halifax, and the States. Captain Penny, a man of great experience in the ice, believes the two appearances seen were what the whalers call "country ships;" that is, formations upon an iceberg, which are said to bear so great a likeness to real ships as to deceive the most practised eyes. He adds, that to freeze ships into an iceberg in such a position would require thirty or forty years; whilst, if they had been jammed into floe-ice, the floes would have been broken up by the swell of the ocean long before they had reached Cape Farwell. "No iceberg," writes Captain Penny, "of one-fourth of a mile would reach such a position—it must have been two pieces of icebergs; and the vessel, being five miles distant, could not observe the water over the detached ice." As it is our bounden duty, we record these suggestions; but can only add, with all due deference to the superior experience of the author, that the testimony by which the reality of the incident has been supported would be sufficient to prove a fact in any court of justice in Europe.

But, admitting that these vessels were seen, as reported, by the "Renovation's" people, two grave questions remain—Were they Franklin's ships?—If they were indeed the "Erebus" and "Terror," what inference can we draw from the fact as to the fate of the expedition? Let us presume the first question to be answered in the affirmative—we are still at sea as to the legitimate deductions to be drawn from the admission. The vessels had drifted down through Davis' Straits from Baffin's Bay. Did they come from Lancaster Sound, Jones' Sound, Smith's Sound, or from any point at the east head of Baffin's Bay? At what point were they abandoned by the crews? Are we to suppose that Sir John Franklin had penetrated into the hypothetical Polynia, by Wellington Channel or elsewhere—a great distance in! that then his ships were caught between the field of ice and the

iceberg on which they were seen? that he and his companions took to the boats, attained some Spitzbergen near the Pole, where they are now eking out a subsistence, and that meanwhile the iceberg made its way into Baffin's Bay, with the "Erebus" and "Terror" in its adamant grasp, through presumed channels at the north of the Parry Islands, and so out by Wellington Strait and Lancaster Sound, or by Jones' Sound, into Baffin's Bay? It should be remarked that Commander Inglefield talks of a northerly current setting up Smith's Sound at the only season of the year when an iceberg of that size would have moved; so that could not have been its path into Baffin's Bay. If the vessels were actually seen, the fact must be accounted for somehow. We frankly own ourselves unable to offer any conjecture of our own upon the matter; nor, after the most careful and anxious consideration of all that has been written and said upon the subject, can we recommend any suggestion that has come to our knowledge as worthy of public attention.

Thus, then, we have attained the limits prescribed to us in a paper of this description. Our effort has been throughout not so much to offer theories of our own, as to lay before our readers substantial and ascertained facts connected with the Arctic regions. We firmly believe that a man who would read Parry's first voyage so carefully as to master the peculiarities of Arctic navigation and to understand its dangers, and who would then jot down upon a chart the mere outlines of subsequent discoveries in the same quarters, would be in a better position for forming an opinion about the fate of poor Sir John Franklin and his companions than one who had spent much time in reading the most brilliant essays and criticisms upon the same subject. We feel too—we feel most deeply—that a great reverence is due to those who have gone out from amongst us into the eternal ice, and to the sorrow of those who bewail their loss as a private and domestic grief. Far be it from us to weave phrases in the presence of such a calamity, or needlessly to harrow up the feelings of friends and relatives by ingenious speculations as to the fate of the missing expedition.

In conclusion, let us hope that we have expressed ourselves in no ambiguous terms upon a subject which has so deeply interested the civilized world. There may have been a certain rashness in despatching Franklin, in 1845, upon his fatal errand. That is a bygone question. We trust that we have heard the last of speculative attempts at a North-west Passage by Barrow's Straits. The efforts in search of Franklin rest upon another foundation; but in our opinion, with the expedition

of Sir Edward Belcher, enough has been done. The recent despatch of Commander Inglefield in the "Phoenix" for Beechey Island, if his instructions confine him to the mere support of Sir E. Belcher's squadron, is intelligible enough, and so of any further expedition to Behring's Straits for the purpose of succoring the ships already engaged in that portion of the Arctic regions. Beyond this let us trust that the authorities at the Admiralty are prepared to act up to the spirit of their own declaration. In the last Arctic Blue-book we find it stated, in reply to an application for service in that quarter, that "My Lords" do not contemplate the despatch of any further expeditions. Be it so — we accept the promise. We are bound to hold our hands at last, lest we involve others in destruction for the sake of those who cannot be benefited by so costly an offering. Next winter will be the ninth winter since the "Erebus" and "Terror" set sail. That nothing will come from Sir E. Belcher's exertions is what we will not affirm; but certainly, if he does not succeed, it would be madness to repeat the experiment. With regard to this Polynia, which is now the favorite topic amongst Polar *dilettanti*, we would say that, by the exceeding brilliancy of their promises, they almost shut themselves out from public help. If there be a mine of wealth in the shape of fisheries between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, let the shipowners of Hull look to that. If it be possible to get to the Pole, and back again in a month in a small steamer like the "Isabel," let the theorizers transform themselves into "doers." We want something more substantial than the testimony of Barentz, delivered two centuries and a half back, ere we can acquiesce in further public undertakings of the like nature. For ourselves, we have been busy with the records of a sterner school, in which we find that men of iron mould, of unflinching nerve, of undoubted skill, the picked men of the greatest maritime nation in the world, have been worsted in the unequal conflict with the powers of nature. All that could be done was done even before the departure of Sir John Franklin. We read in old chronicles that the good Lord Douglas, in an affray with the Moors, in the Sierras of Andalusia, finding the battle go against him, cast into the middle of the tumult a silver case which contained the Bruce's heart. That casket he would recover or die. He did not recover it, and he died. We have acted in the same way, as though to give ourselves an additional inducement for penetrating into the Arctic regions. Foiled in our previous efforts, we have placed two ships, filled with British seamen — Sir John Franklin at their head — far beyond human help, and have since been engaged in frantic efforts to rescue the precious sacrifice.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SKETCHES OF THE COURTS OF THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK IN GERMANY AND ENGLAND.*

IN our July number† we gave some account of the history of the Court and Aristocracy of Prussia, by Dr. Vehse; we propose now to extract from this, the latest work of the German professor, such passages from the history of the House of Brunswick as may have most of the interest of novelty for English readers.

The pen of the learned Gibbon was employed upon the antiquities of the noble House of Brunswick, of which the royal family of England are a younger branch. During the middle ages, the Guelphs fought a good fight against the Ghibelline party, which was, however, the successful one, and for a long time the Guelphs had to feel the oppression of their foes. But their star was once more in the ascendant during the reign of Ernest Augustus, the first Elector of Hanover, whose marriage with Sophia Stuart, the daughter of Frederick, the unfortunate King of Bohemia, and of Elizabeth Stuart, opened to the small House of Hanover the succession to the English throne.

Sophia Stuart's youth was passed in the stormy times of the thirty years' war. She was born in Holland in 1630, the year when Gustavus Adolphus entered Germany, and was educated in England. She was one of the few among princes who turned the misfortunes and miseries of her youth to good account. Her greatest friend in after-life was Leibnitz, who never called her by any other name than "our great Electress." Her shining qualities completely cast her husband into the shade. The Great Electress, however, never lived to enjoy the honor she so much coveted, of having engraved on her tombstone, "Sophia, Queen of England." She died on the 8th June, 1714, but two short months before the death of Queen Anne opened the succession to her. She was struck by apoplexy in her garden at Herrenhausen, in her eighty-sixth year. It was an unusually fine evening, and she had, as was her custom, been walking with her son George, the Elector, in full health; a shower came on, and, after running in, she sank on the ground, and in a few minutes was dead.

We will not follow Dr. Vehse in his account of the intrigues and counter-intrigues of the two rival factions into which England was split at the time when George I. ascended the throne, more especially as his authorities are all accessible to the English reader. Dr.

* Geschichte der Hofe des Hauses Braunschweig in Deutschland und England. By Dr. Edward Vehse. 4 vols. Hamburg, 1853.

† Living Age, No. 486.

Vehse has laid *Walpole's Memoirs and Letters*, *Wrasall's Memoirs*, the *Lexington Correspondence*, and various other subsequent English works, good, bad, and indifferent, under heavy contribution, and has produced an amusing, gossiping book out of these materials. His estimate of the German House of Hanover is not high, but his picture of the English is flattering enough to our national vanity; much of the interest of the book is derived from seeing ourselves so favorably portrayed through German spectacles.

The precautions taken by the Earl of Shrewsbury and his party in the government, prevented the slightest disturbances when Queen Anne died, on the 12th August, 1714, and the Elector of Hanover was proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland.

Lord Clarendon, the English minister at the Court of Hanover, was the first to convey this piece of news to George I.

It was an important, but by no means a pleasant announcement, says Dr. Vehse, the intelligence that the people of England expected him as their king. We possess testimony to this effect in a confidential letter written by Marshal Schulenburg to Baron Steinghens, the envoy of the Palatinate in London, in which, under the date of the 10th August, 1714, only two days before the death of Queen Anne, he says—"It is quite evident that George is profoundly indifferent as to the upshot of this question of succession; nay, I would even bet that when it really comes to the point he will be in despair at having to give up his place of residence, where he amuses himself with trifles, in order to assume a post of honor and dignity. He is endowed with all the qualities requisite to make a finished nobleman, but he lacks all those that make a king." George's instinct taught him that he would play a sorry part in England. He—a petty German prince—among a nation of princes, the great lords and the rich gentry. He came from a country where the prince was almost absolute, and would go into a land where the people treated him almost on the footing of equality; where the whole of the best society which had the *entré* at court, consisted of people who united the courtier with the republican, the noble with the roturier. He was not so far wrong in looking forward to his entry into such a country with some anxiety. People of quality were not to his taste, ceremony was not to his liking.

However, spite of his unwillingness, go he must. He put off his departure for a whole month. On the 11th September he left Herrenhausen, accompanied by his son, and Caroline of Anspach, his daughter-in-law. Their children followed in October.

George I. (says Dr. Vehse) appeared to the English to be a type of the Stuarts, after the German fashion. He was obstinate and tyrannical, but he had no spark of that romantic spirit which cost Mary Stuart and Charles I. their

heads, and James II. his throne. George I. was passionate, but after his own peculiar manner; he was even cruel and hateful; but he was all this, as it seemed to the English, after a middle-class vulgar fashion, without any trace of that elegance or grace which the nobility and gentry of England possessed, and expected to find in those who were called to reign over them. But George was a Protestant, and old England was determined to remain Protestant at any price. It, therefore, put up with him. Not less than fifty-four members of reigning houses in Europe, who all had a better title to it than George I., were excluded from the English throne. . . . Sophia Stuart, George's mother, the daughter of the beautiful Elizabeth of Bohemia, the only sister of the beheaded Charles, came, according to actual law, after all these, but she was the only one who happened to be a Protestant.

George was deficient in intellectual qualities, in tact and dignity, in short, in all the attributes which should adorn a king, or even a subject; but he had the one qualification needed, he was opposed to Catholicism, and an enemy to France and Louis XIV. So he was selected before scores of others, who had a better right to the throne than he.

George appeared in England with a seraglio of hideous old women, some of whom came with him, and others joined him afterwards. There was the Countess Kielmansegge, nicknamed the "Elephant," and the "May-pole," Schulenburg, who had her two nieces, as they were called, with her. The King of England shut himself up with them every evening. The London mob surrounded the coaches of these German women, and hissed them, partly for their total want of beauty, partly because it was soon discovered that they sold their influence with the king for money. A host of broadsides and caricatures issued from the press.

The first Elector, Ernest Augustus, had introduced into Hanover the French custom of royal mistresses. He, his son George I., and his grandson, took their favorites from one and the same family. For nearly one hundred years, the family of Platen supplied this article of royal luxury. First, there was the "wicked Countess Platen," to whom we shall presently have occasion to return; her daughter, the Countess Kielmansegge, who subsequently was created Countess of Darlington; her step-daughter, the younger Countess Platen; Frau von der Bussche, a sister of the wicked Countess Platen; and a fifth lady, Countess Walmoden, afterwards created Countess of Yarmouth, who was grand-niece of the same "wicked Platen."

In 1682, George I., then crown prince of Hanover, had married his cousin, Sophia Dorothea, the daughter of George, Duke of Zell, of whose memoirs an English version appeared in 1845. This publication was chiefly founded upon a biography of Sophia Dorothea, entitled *A short Account of my*

Fate and Prison, by the Princess Dora of Aquilon, published in Hamburg, in 1840; and the original of this again was written in French, and called *Precis de mon Destin et de ma Prison*. The memoirs published in London contain this autobiography, and an account, written by the princess' intimate friend and faithful servant, Fraulein von Knessebeck, to the crown princess of Prussia, the daughter of Sophia Dorothea. The second volume contains the "Diary of Conversations." The biography commences with the first appearance of Count Königsmark in Hanover, in the year 1685, and ends with the last days of Sophia Dorothea's imprisonment in the fortress of Ahlden, in 1726. From this place she took the name of Princess of Ahlden. This work treats the princess as a martyr, but these illusions, says Dr. Vehse, have been dispelled by some letters between the princess and her lover, Königsmark, published by Professor Palmblad, in Upsala, in 1847, which leave scarcely any doubt as to the intimate connection subsisting between them. The Princess of Ahlden obviously meant to add the sanction of marriage to her connection with Königsmark, if she could have escaped from her husband; but the catastrophe took place shortly before the preparations for flight were finally arranged.

Sophia Dorothea, the crown princess of Hanover, born in the year 1666, the daughter of George William, Duke of Zell, and his French wife, Eleonora d'Olbreuse, was married at sixteen, in 1682, to her cousin George of Hanover. The French blood that flowed in her veins, and the education she received at the gay court of Zell, had their effect. "Her mother," says her cousin, the Duchess of Orleans, "brought her up to coquetry and gallantry." She was clever, excitable, and full of imagination. She was of the middle size, and of exquisite form, with fair brown hair, her face oval, and her complexion good. This lively young girl was ill suited to her silent, dull, husband; and their married life was not happy. George was often absent in the wars, and his return did not improve matters. She loved pleasure, he nothing but hunting and his favorites — Frau von der Busche, Melusina Schulenburg, afterwards Duchess of Kendal, and Countess Kielmansegge. Sophia Dorothea soon bestowed her affections upon Count Philip of Königsmark, the handsome brother of Aurora, the famous mistress of Augustus the Strong, King of Poland, and the mother of Marshal Saxe.

Philip, Count Königsmark, was descended from an old Brandenburg family. Some of the race had settled in Sweden. Philip's grandfather, Hans Christopher, had made himself a name, during the thirty years' war, as a partisan-leader under Gustavus Adolphus, and Wrangel. After the peace of Westphalia,

he became Governor of Bremen and Verden, which were garrisoned by Swedish troops. He left his children an immense fortune, won by his right hand. At the taking of Prague he acquired great booty. This Count Hans Christopher, like all his race, was herculean in form, and of a wild, savage temper; when inflamed with passion, his face assumed the most hideous aspect, his hair stood on end like the bristles of a wild boar, and he inspired terror among his enemies.

His grandson, Philip of Königsmark, was born in 1662, and inherited his mother's beauty. She was a daughter of the Swedish house of Wrangel, famous for their beauty. Philip was brought up at the Court of Zell, and passed much of his youth with Sophia Dorothea, for whom he entertained a youthful passion. *Depuis que je vous ai vue*, he writes to her during one of his campaigns on the Rhine, *mon cœur s'est senti touché sans oser le dire, et quoique l'enfance, où j'étais, m'empêchait de vous déclarer ma passion, je ne vous ai pas moins aimé*. From Zell young Königsmark was sent to finish his education in England, at the corrupt court of Charles II. In this country, he was involved with his elder brother, Charles John, in a scandalous matter — the murder of Thomas Thynne, "Tom of ten thousand," as he was called, who had married the heiress of the Percy family, whom Königsmark wanted for himself. This murder was committed on the 12th February, 1682, in the public streets, in Pall Mall, nearly opposite the opera-house colonnade. Thynne was shot by three hired murderers, George Borosky, Christopher Vraats, and John Storn, who were subsequently all executed for the murder — the principal, Charles John, Count Königsmark, fled, but was taken at Gravesend; Vraats was offered a free pardon if he would peach against the Königsmarks; but Vraats held his peace, and was executed. Charles John Count Königsmark was killed fighting against the Turks in the Morea in 1686; and the subsequent catastrophe of Philip, Count Königsmark, was looked upon as a just punishment for the share he had in this transaction, and in the sacrifice of Vraats' life.

Philip of Königsmark next took service, in 1686, under the Elector Ernest Augustus of Hanover, and renewed his old acquaintance with the lively crown princess, who lived, as we have said, unhappily with her cold and uncongenial husband.

It appears from the correspondence quoted by Dr. Vehse that the lovers met in secret; the princess even went to Königsmark's lodgings, which, according to tradition, were in the present "Hotel de Strelitz," on the "Neumarkt." In one of his letters Königsmark writes: *Demain à dix heures je serai au rendezvous*. In another: *Mon ange, c'est pour toi seule que je vis et que je respire*. At an

evening party Count Königsmark lost out of his hat a *billet doux*, written to him by the princess; great was his consternation; he did not fear for himself — but to lose her forever! The princess consoles him by telling him that if he thought that the fear of exposure or of losing her reputation (these words were written in cipher) prevented her from seeing him, he did her great injustice. She steadfastly hoped some day to marry him, and to withdraw into some remote corner of the world, while Königsmark dreamt of winning her and a position by some chivalrous enterprise. He was jealous when she spoke to any one else — particularly to an Austrian, Count Von Piemont. All this did not escape the lynx eyes of others. The "wicked Countess of Platen" (whose advances Count Königsmark had repelled) saw in this the means of wreaking her vengeance on one who had spurned her love, and on a hated rival. The "wicked Countess Platen" simulated the warmest interest in the confiding princess, and pretended to favor the intrigue, while she drew the net tighter round her two victims. Königsmark's indiscretion in boasting, at a dinner table, of his connection with the princess, and of his scorn for Countess Platen — the *specta injuria formæ* — words which were transmitted forthwith to Countess Platen, brought matters to a crisis; the scorned one vowed to ruin Königsmark and the princess.

The crown prince was about to proceed to Berlin, and this seemed a good opportunity for the two lovers to carry their long cherished plan for flight into execution; it was proposed by Königsmark to escape by way of Hamburg into France; the princess preferred seeking shelter at the court of Duke Antony Ulrich of Brunswick.

On the 1st July, 1694, between ten and eleven at night, Königsmark paid his last visit to the princess in the palace at Hanover. He had disguised himself in "a pair of old gray linen trousers, an old white shirt (camisol), and a brown overcoat." This visit was to talk over the arrangements for their flight, Königsmark's servants and carriages being all ready for instant departure to Dresden or elsewhere.

The interview lasted longer than was prudent; the princess' faithful attendant, Fraulein von Knesbeck, frequently urged them to bring it to a close. At length Königsmark went away, and the rest of the night was passed by the princess in packing up such valuables as she meant to take with her.

The wicked Countess Platen had received notice from her spies that Königsmark was with the princess, and had obtained the Elector's authority to have him arrested, under the plea of saving the honor of the princely house.

The crown princess lived in that part of the palace at Hanover which now forms the state apartments. A corridor leads out of these apartments by the Rittersaal, a large hall which joined the rooms occupied by the princess to those inhabited by the crown prince. Königsmark went along this corridor, humming a tune, till he came to a small door leading down some steps into the garden — a door which was usually left open; but this time he found it locked. He then went along another corridor running along the length of the Rittersaal, and came to an ante-room built over the court chapel, where there was a large chimney built to receive the smoke from the apparatus to heat the chapel. Four halberdiers had been posted in this dark corner. Countess Platen had charged these halberdiers to take Königsmark prisoner, but in the event of his offering any resistance they were to use their weapons. It appears, from the statement afterwards made by one of these halberdiers to a clergyman of the name of Cramer, that Königsmark was not without suspicions of unfair play, as he had unsheathed his sword, and when attacked defended himself bravely, wounding several of his opponents, until, his sword breaking, he was overpowered. He was borne, mortally wounded, into a room close by, where his old enemy, Countess Platen, was; on seeing her, he collected his last remaining strength to pour his execrations upon her, to which she replied by stamping with her feet upon his bleeding face. Königsmark was then taken into a small cellar which could be filled with water by means of a pipe; there he was drowned. The following morning his body was burned in an oven, and this was walled up.

For a long time no one knew what had become of Königsmark; the most extraordinary rumors were current about him; all the inquiries set on foot by the Court of Dresden, at the instigation of Aurora, Königsmark's sister, the reigning favorite of the new Elector of Saxony, were fruitless. Aurora was told by the Elector of Hanover that he was not her brother's keeper.

The princess on hearing the news of this horrible catastrophe, gave way to the most violent expressions of grief; "whereby," says Fraulein Knesbeck, "she exposed herself to the suspicion that the murdered count was something more than a common friend." She declared loudly that she would no longer live among barbarians and murderers. She was even said to have attempted self-destruction. The breach between her husband and her father-in-law and herself was made wider; the scandal was notorious, and could no longer be concealed. Proceedings were therefore instituted against the princess; the reasons given for the separation were her attempts at flight, and the princess was condemned to

imprisonment for life. The circumstance that the princess swore in the most solemn manner that she had kept her marriage vow, and that her lady-in-waiting confirmed this statement, rendered the matter of the princess' guilt highly problematical, till the publication of the letters by Palmblad and others. In her own autobiography, the princess is no longer the ardent, incautious lover of former years. The separation took effect in Hanover on the 28th October, 1694; and the princess, who was then eight-and-twenty, was carried to Ahlden, a small place about four German miles from Zell, the residence of her father and mother.

The princess' friend and companion, Fräulein von Knesebeck, was imprisoned in the fortress of Schwarzfels, in the Harz; but escaped, after three years' durance. She was aided in her escape by a faithful old servant, disguised as a tiler. This man let himself down from the roof in front of her window, entered her room, and, placing her in a sort of rope cradle, let her down into the moat, and himself after her. Horses had been prepared, with which they escaped, first to Wolfenbüttel and then to Berlin, where Fräulein von Knesebeck entered the service of the Queen of Prussia. The commander of the fortress of Schwarzfels reported to the Elector of Hanover, that the Devil, in the shape of a tiler, had carried off the Fräulein through a hole in the roof. He could not account for her escape in any other way.

Sophia Dorothea passed two-and-thirty years in her prison. The death of her father, in 1705, and of her mother, in 1723, gave her a very tolerable income. The company she saw consisted of two ladies, and a gentleman-in-waiting, and the commandant of Ahlden, who dined regularly every day with her. She was allowed free intercourse with mechanics and tradesmen, but not with people of the higher class. She employed herself during her imprisonment in the management of her domains — the inspection of her household accounts — needle-work — reading, and in works of charity and the offices of religion.

It was said, that when George I. ascended the English throne, it was proposed to her to quit her retreat; but that she replied, if she were guilty she was unworthy to be a queen; and if innocent, the king was unfit to be her husband; and thus she remained at Ahlden. At first, she was kept a close prisoner; but afterwards, she was allowed to drive out some miles from the town, but always with an escort. She corresponded with her son and her daughter, and frequently saw her mother.

The princess once made an attempt to escape, which was unsuccessful; a certain Count Von Bar, of an Osnabruck family, received 135,000 florins to aid her in her flight.

This man kept the money, in spite of an action at law. The treason of one in whom she trusted affected the princess to such a degree as to bring on a fever, which carried her off at the age of sixty.

George I. survived her one year. There was a sort of prophecy that he would not outlive her a year, and her death made a great impression upon him. He fell into a deep melancholy, and expressed a strong anxiety to see Hanover once more. On his way thither, with the Duchess of Kendal, he fell ill at Dentheim; he proceeded, however, on his journey, and was struck by apoplexy at Ippenburen, in Westphalia. His eyes became glassy, and his tongue hung from his mouth; he reached Osnabruck a corpse.

According to vulgar report, Sophia Dorothea, on her death-bed, summoned her husband to appear before the judgment-seat of God within a year and a day. This letter was not delivered to him in England, but was kept for his arrival in Germany. He opened it in the carriage, and was seized with fainting fits, which ended in a stroke of apoplexy. The appearance of his face caused the report to be spread abroad that the devil had twisted his neck round.

The wicked Countess Platen, the murderer of Count Königsmark, was blind for several years before her death, which took place in 1706. During her last illness she was haunted by Königsmark's ghost perpetually seated at her bed-side.

We have now disposed of most of the *dramatis personæ* who played a part in the catastrophe of the Princess of Ahlden and Count Königsmark, and can only refer such of our readers who like gossip and amusing scandal, culled from various sources, to Dr. Vehse's work. The learned doctor promises to go *seriatim* through all the petty courts of Germany. Let them look well to it, for nothing seems to escape him. He has a keen nose and the patience of the sleuth-hound for the discovery and recording of royal delinquencies.

ADAM AND THE FLOWER.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

WHEN Adam named the beauteous flowers

One tiny gem escaped his view;

The meekest in all Eden's bowers,

Its simple robe of turquois hue;—

This little flower with modest shame,

Said "Lord, I grieve—sad is my lot;

I only—am without a name."

He, smiling, said—"Forget me Not."

From the Examiner.

The Traveller's Hand-Book to Copenhagen and its Environs. By ANGLICANUS. With Maps and Views. Copenhagen: Chr. Steen and Son. London: Russell Smith.

THIS little hand-book, published at Copenhagen for the use of English travellers, is written, we believe, by the Chaplain of our Legation there, Mr. Robert Stevenson Ellis; and we must here speak of it not only as a most perfect little hand-book, containing every kind of information needed by the visitor put in the most pleasing form, but as a minute account of Copenhagen highly interesting in itself, and written in a clever, informing and amusing spirit.

For Copenhagen — haven of merchants — is not one of your stereotyped European capitals. It is a town with pure water yet to get, with sewerage almost wholly to come, with gas to come, with paving to come! It is a town in which it is important for the foot passenger, gentle or simple, to stand upon the rights accorded to him by the rule of the road, when it allows him to keep the kerbstone, and escape out of the slough on either side. Copenhagen, next to Vienna, is, one may suppose, the most unhealthy of all European capitals; but, with a constant great mortality from other causes, for some unknown reason it has remained free from cholera. There is a mystery for you to solve, O sages of the Board of Health! In wet weather it is a serious affair to cross a road, for there are in Copenhagen no street-sweepers. The probable gain to a man who should adopt such a calling has been suggested upon the spot by the writer of this guide, but the suggestion has been considered odd. Possibly some industrious Englishman, hearing of it now for the first time, may emigrate to the Danish capital with a broom.

A Hansom cab was introduced once into Copenhagen, labelled in large letters "the English Cap." but one cab does not make a London. We should recommend any traveller who visits the city to contrive so that he shall arrive there on a "Flyttedag."

There are two days in the year, one in April, the other in October, on which, "or day before or day after," should a stranger arrive in Copenhagen he would be not a little astonished. The town has the appearance of its inhabitants flying with their effects, as though an enemy were at the gates. It is "Flyttedag!" the half-yearly moving day, when every family in every house may deposit in the streets all the accumulated dirt and filth of the last six months, of which the poor contribute their quota in the old straw stuffing of their mattresses with all their live stock! Should it blow a gale of wind on that day, imagination can conceive the scene which description would fail to paint. People are hurrying to and fro — furniture driven and

carried in all directions; the greatest confusion prevailing — one family moving their effects into a set of rooms while the other family is moving theirs out; for at twelve o'clock the old occupants must quit, and the new ones may take possession. All is hurry scurry. O, the miseries of a "Flyttedag!" which none but those who have experienced can realize. Yet it would seem a pastime of the people, for the whole town appears changing quarters on these days — a valid objection, one would suppose, to lodging on flats.

We could quote much more such pleasant matter, grave or gay, from this instructive little hand-book. But perhaps the part that will most gravely interest readers in this country is the summary of the researches of Mr. Thorleif Gudmundson Repp, a learned Icelandic, into the question of the death-place of the Earl of Bothwell. From documents found in the Privy Archives of Copenhagen, it is shown that Bothwell, at the request of the Scottish government — who thought Malmö too exposed a place — was removed to the sequestered castle of Drachsholm, on the coast of Iceland, and there died. The following is the summary of Repp's work given by Mr. Ellis: —

After parting with Queen Mary on Carberry Hill, near Edinburgh, Earl Bothwell wandered about in the West and North of Scotland, probably in disguise, but at all events so as to elude the search of the Regent Murray's party, and at last reached the Orkneys and Shetland isles, where, as bearing the title of Duke of Orkney, conferred on him by the queen, which carried with it signorial rights, it would appear he deemed concealment less necessary. Bothwell soon found, however, that he had deceived himself in supposing that he was safer in the Orkneys than on the Scottish continent; for the regent having despatched some ships of war in pursuit of him, he narrowly escaped capture by hurriedly embarking, with some of his movables, on board of two vessels which, lying at Ounst in Shetland, he hired to convey him to Denmark. For this country he set sail; but, being driven by stress of weather to the coast of Norway, he was there regarded as a pirate, and detained — a mistake arising from the circumstance of one of the vessels belonging to a noted pirate, David Wodt, of Hamburg. However, after a strict examination at Bergen, in which Bothwell's rank and marriage with Queen Mary were disclosed, the magistrate of that place, Erik Rosenkrantz, decided upon not dismissing Bothwell, but sending him, with a report of the examination, to Denmark, that the King, Frederick II., might deal with him according to his pleasure.

Bothwell arrived in Denmark about the close of the year 1567, and was at first lodged in the Palace at Copenhagen, where, although regarded as a prisoner, he was treated honorably and as a person of high rank; the king even sending him valuable presents and advancing him money. Bothwell now lost no time in representing to the

king, in a memorial, that he was sent by Queen Mary, his consort, to demand Frederik's aid and assistance against her rebellious subjects; that, in return, he was authorized by her to restore to the King of Denmark the isles of Orkney and Shetland (which had been pledged to the Crown of Scotland in lieu of a pecuniary dowry that should have been paid at a former period on the marriage of a Danish princess with a Scottish king); and that, as soon as the object of his mission to Denmark was accomplished immediately to proceed to France, being charged with a similar mission to the French court. But just about this time envoys from the Regent Murray arrived at Copenhagen, accusing Bothwell of *paricide* (i. e., the murder of Darnley) and other heinous crimes, and demanding that he should be delivered up to them to be taken back to Scotland, there to suffer death, or that he should be capitally punished in Denmark. The regent, moreover, strengthened his demand by representing himself as the bulwark of the *Protestant* cause in Scotland, and that Denmark ought to make common cause with England and Scotland against the Catholic powers, Spain and France, which aimed at the total extermination of Protestantism.

Frederik, thus acted upon by powerful motives on both sides, resolved to do nothing hastily, but in the first place to remove Bothwell from Copenhagen to the castle of Malmö in Sweden, which at that time belonged to Denmark; and there he was detained from the beginning of the year 1568 till the year 1573. At Malmö Bothwell was still honorably treated; and although great care was taken that he should not escape, much liberty was granted him and free intercourse with such of his countrymen as chose to visit him. In the mean while the successive Scottish Regents were indefatigable in sending envoys to Denmark claiming Bothwell at the hands of Frederik, whose claims even Queen Elizabeth supported in several energetic letters to the Danish king. On the other hand, the King of France and the Queen Dowager (Cath. di Med.) ceased not, through their envoy at Copenhagen, M. le Chevalier de Dantzay, to entreat Frederik by no means to deliver up Bothwell to the Scotch; and Dantzay actually obtained a promise from Frederik that Bothwell should not be delivered up without previous notice being given to the King of France. At this time Dantzay writes to Catharine: "Bothwell has promised to surrender to King Frederik his claim to the isles of Orkney and Shetland," and adds, "For this reason I think that the King of Denmark will not easily deliver him up."

As long as there seemed to be any chance of Mary being restored to power in Scotland, it appears certain that Frederik was fully determined not to deliver up Bothwell, and even to treat him like a prince. But although Frederik lay under some obligations to Queen Mary, inasmuch as she had permitted him to levy troops in Scotland for his late wars in Sweden, yet he would not by any positive act interfere for her restoration, lest by so doing he should be regarded as unfaithful to the Protestant cause, which would in those days have been such a

stigma on his reign and memory as would be viewed with abhorrence by every Protestant prince. Yet, could Mary be restored by some other agency, he had then only to surrender to the queen her husband, and receive the isles of Orkney and Shetland in return. During the period between 1568 and 1572 Mary's party in Scotland was still so strong that her cause seemed to contemporary politicians by no means hopeless; it was not till the month of August in the latter year that it was considered as totally lost. The St. Bartholomew massacre in France put an end to every chance which Mary might have had, because her connection with the league, indeed that she was in some measure the author of it, was strongly suspected by the princes and nations of Europe, which suspicion the Letters lately collected by Prince Labanoff have clearly proved was not without foundation. This event had great influence on the fate of Bothwell in Denmark. On the 28th of June, 1573, Dantzay wrote to the King of France: "*Le Roy de Dannemarck auit jusques à present assez bien entretenu le Conte de Baudouel. Mais depuis peu de jours il la fait mettre en un fort mau-luise et estroite prison;*" by which is meant the castle of Drachsholm in Sealand, where he died about five years later. After the removal of Bothwell to this last prison, he seems to have been deprived of all communication beyond the castle walls; and from this period, one of the chief reasons for his not being delivered up may have been the promise given through Dantzay to the King of France.

Owing to the close confinement of Bothwell after his removal to Drachsholm, his history is involved in so great obscurity that even contemporary accounts widely vary as to the date of his decease. Dantzay, in a letter which he wrote to the Court of France, the 24th of November, 1575, reports him to be dead in that year, while others have stated that he died in 1576; and this seems to have been the opinion of Queen Mary herself. The best authorities, however, Danish as well as Scottish, appear to establish it as a fact that Bothwell died on the 14th of April, 1578, at the castle of Drachsholm, and that his remains were consigned to a vault in the parish church of Faarveile. It seems, too, that the Danish authorities, wearied by the Scottish and English demands on the one hand and the French entreaties on the other, willingly permitted the report to be spread abroad that Bothwell died in 1575: this would put an end to a course of diplomacy which was beginning to run unsmoothly, and the Danish government had it in its power to keep him so closely confined at Drachsholm that he might, as regarded foreign powers, be the same as dead to all intents and purposes.

For an analogous reason, some doubt may be entertained, although Dantzay's veracity is entirely unimpeachable, whether Bothwell was harshly treated after his removal to Drachsholm; but such a report would in some measure be agreeable and conciliatory to the Scottish government, which had repeatedly complained of the too great lenity shown to him at Malmö. The chief object of his removal to Drachsholm seems to have been that of more certain seclusion.

With respect to the great discrepancies regarding the date of Bothwell's death, it is proper to observe that they may partly arise from a contemporary Danish Memorandum Book, of some authority and often referred to, in which we find the following notes: "In the year 1575, the 14th of April, died John, the Chaplain of Drachsholm, and was buried in the church of Faareveile, near Drachsholm." — "In the year 1578, the 14th of April, died the Scottish Earl at Drachsholm, and was buried in the same church. His name was James Hephune (sic, Hepburn is meant), Earl of Bothwell." Here it should be observed that these notices or memoranda are arranged according to the Days of the Month, not according to the Years; and thus events which occur on the same Day, although in different Years, are placed in juxtaposition.

We must quote also a spirited and characteristic translation, by Mr. Ellis, of the ancient song of the Copenhagen watchmen, which still keeps its place as a part of the manners and customs of the town. Its author was Thomas Kingo, Bishop of Fyen, in the seventeenth century, son of a poor damask weaver. Thomas Kingo, we are informed, was the best of Danish psalmists, and a psalm-book of his composition still remains authorized and in use at Christiania in Norway.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

When Day departs, and Darkness reigns on earth,
The scene reminds us of the gloomy grave!
Then let Thy light, O Lord, before us shine
While to the silent tomb our steps we bend,
And grant a blessed Immortality!

NINE O'CLOCK.

The Day glides by, and sable Night appears —
For Jesus' sake, O God, our sins forgive!
Preserve the Royal Family;
And guard the people which this land contains
From danger of the Enemy!

TEN O'CLOCK.

Master, maid, and boy, would you the hour
know?
It is the time that you to rest should go —
Trust in the Lord with faith — and careful be
Of fire and light; for Ten o'clock has struck!

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

Almighty God protects both great and small;
His holy angels guard us like a wall:
The Lord Himself our city watches o'er,
And keeps our bodies and our souls from harm.

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

At th' hour of midnight was our Saviour born —
Great blessing to a world which else were lost!
Then, with unfeigned lips, in prayer and praise
Commend yourselves to God — Past Twelve
o'clock!

ONE O'CLOCK.

O Jesus Christ, we pray Thee, send us help
To bear our Cross with patience in the world,
For Thou art God alone!
And Thou, O Comforter, Thine hand stretch
forth:
Then will the burthen light and easy be!
The clock has stricken One!

TWO O'CLOCK.

O gracious Lord, whose love for us was such
That Thou shouldst deign in darkness to be
born:
All glory 's due to Thee!
Come, Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts
Thy heav'nly light, that we may see Thee now
And in Eternity!

THREE O'CLOCK.

Black Night departs, and Day begins to dawn —
Keep them far off, O God, who wish us harm!
The clock has stricken Three!
Father, Thine aid we seek! — and of Thy Grace
Give us abundantly!

FOUR O'CLOCK.

Eternal God! who would'st the Keeper be
Of us who dwell below —
To Thee, surrounded by the Heavenly Host,
Honor and praise are due!
For this good night give thanks unto the Lord!
Remember "Four!" — we're summoned from
our guard.

FIVE O'CLOCK.

Jesu, Thou Morning Star! we now resign
To Thy protection, cheerfully, our King;
Be Thou his Sun and Shield!
And thou, bright Orb of Day, begin thy course,
And, rising from the Mercy-seat of God,
Thy radiant lustre yield!

We should add that this little work is freely illustrated with small and well-executed wood cut views, and that there are added two most elaborate and admirable maps, one of Copenhagen and the other of the surrounding country.

PUNCH'S POTATO PROPHECY. — The reader, who minds his *Punch*, of course remembers what *Punch* prophesied in 1847 on the Irish potato rot. From that very decay, *Punch* predicted regeneration.

The butcher, the baker,
The candle-stick maker,
All jumped out of a rotten potato.

So runs the childish doggerel; but *Punch* heard in that shambling verse a musical promise; and hearing, foretold the coming time when, from the very blight that smote the people of Ireland through Ireland's potatoes, there should be peace and plenty for Ireland regenerate. And is it not so? Answer with one of your wildest roars, O, Lion of Judah! Is it not so — reply and tenderly, cooingly, O Dove of Galway!

From the Examiner, Oct. 15.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

THE energies of our sailors, directed in an unusual degree to the Arctic seas by the necessity of searching for any possible survivors of the Franklin expedition, have had valuable results. They have added much newly-found coast line to our charts, and have at last effected the long talked of North-West passage. More properly perhaps we should say, one of the North-West passages; for there can be little doubt that many channels in the Arctic Archipelago link east and west together. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether such channels, blocked as they are with ice, are to be called passages at all.

It is now three years since Captain M'Clure had penetrated with his ship from Behring's straits to an unknown coast which he named Prince Albert's Land; and there, having come in contact with Esquimaux who had never before seen white men, found shelter from great peril in a harbor which he called the Bay of Mercy. From that Bay, parties travelling from Captain M'Clure's ship explored lines of coast which brought them into Barrow's Strait, and so settled the problem of the North-West passage. The date of that discovery is the 26th of October, 1850. Having achieved so much, the brave sailors were frozen in, and so have remained ever since. But it is most probable that now, as they have come into communication with the vessels on the other side, they will be content, after three years of fruitless endeavor to obtain the extrication of their own ship, to leave the timbers of the Investigator in the Bay of Mercy, and return to England. Had they not been found by brother mariners, it is quite probable that Captain M'Clure and his companions would have had to be numbered with the heroes whom this country has lost among the Polar Seas.

The news brought home by Captain Inglefield after a four months' trip is in the highest degree interesting. It tells nothing of Franklin, but it includes incidents that suggest mournful possibilities. The ships now in the Arctic regions are all placed in difficult positions, but they have had communication with each other, and are as safe in the hands of skilled and brave men as we can have reason to expect. But against how many perils must the sailor battle in those northern latitudes! Rarely does a mariner return from them, who has not once, or more than once, escaped only by a hair's breadth from destruction. Captain Inglefield came home without his tender. His own vessel, nipped between ice-floes, was nearly lost with every soul on board. The stern was raised several feet, the quarterdeck was arched, rudder and screw were destroyed, one of the beams for-

ward was sprung, and the port-bow partially stove. The salvation of the vessel was attributed mainly to the solid nature of the stowage in its hold. But for that, the crush it received would most likely have been fatal. As it was, the ice easing off from the disabled vessel passed astern to the Breadalbane, which was then in tow. It passed through her star-board bow, and in fifteen minutes she went down in thirty fathoms of water, and the ice closed over her. There was barely time to bring the crew on board the Phoenix. Who can resist the mournful belief that some such catastrophe as this has been the fate of some at least of the brave countrymen we have now sought so long!

It is yet hardly probable that the whole missing expedition should so have been lost, and of course it is quite possible that there may exist survivors. At Point Warren, near the Mackenzie River, Captain M'Clure found Esquimaux who fled, expecting retribution from the white men. They left only the chief, and his sick son; from whom it was ascertained that whites had come to them in a boat, and built a hut among them—and that, on the tribe killing one of the party, his companions had fled, they knew not whither. "Here," says Captain Inglefield, "is the probable position in which a boat-party, endeavoring to return by the Mackenzie, would have encamped."

Captain Inglefield remained at Beechey Island, in the hope of Sir Edward Belcher's arrival, two days longer than the ice-master counselled him; whereupon, after quitting it, he was forced to run into a small, newly-discovered harbor, named Port Graham, when so fierce was the gale that the ship drove with two anchors under the lee of a lofty hill. The same fury of the tempest filled the straits with such vast bodies of ice that for two days there was "not a spoonful of water" to be seen from the hill-top. Had the ship waited another day at Beechey Island, we must have waited till next year for our intelligence. As it was, she escaped through a crack by which nothing but a powerful steamer could have made her passage good.

It was Captain Kellett of the Resolute, who, wintering at Dealy Island, Melville Island, happily (through a travelling party) came into communication with Captain M'Clure and his companions in bondage. Captain Kellett, however, had encountered dangers of his own upon the way. His ship had grounded off Cape Colbourne; the ice had set down upon her, casting her over on her broadside; and she had escaped with the loss of sixty feet of her false keel.

And what of the gallant M'Clure, who, by answering one of the most famous of our modern problems, has now earned a lasting name! Need we say how complete in him is the great

spirit, touching often on sublimity, by which our Arctic navigators have been characterized! A few words from his despatches, written when it was very doubtful how they should reach their destination, will better display it than any words of ours. He wrote what follows two years ago:

It is my intention, if possible, to return to England this season, touching at Melville Island and Port Leopold; but should we not be again heard of, in all probability we shall have been carried into the Polar pack, or to the westward of Melville Island, in either of which to attempt to send succor would only be to increase the evil, as any ship that enters the Polar pack must be inevitably crushed; therefore a depot of provisions, or a ship at Winter Harbor, is the best and only certainty for the safety of the surviving crew.

Last April, he wrote this:

Should any of her Majesty's ships be sent for our relief, and we have quitted Port Leopold, a notice containing information of our route will be left at the door of the house on Whaler's Point, or on some conspicuous point; if, however, on the contrary, no intimation should be found of our having been there, it may be at once surmised that some fatal catastrophe has happened, either from being carried into the Polar Sea, or smashed in Barrow's Straits, and no survivors left. If such should be the case, which, however, I will not anticipate, it will then be quite unnecessary to penetrate further westward for our relief, as by the period that any vessel could reach that port we must from want of provisions all have perished; in such a case I would submit that the officer may be directed to return, and by no means incur the danger of losing other lives in quest of those who will then be no more.

Such is the calm, heroic feeling with which an English seaman sets about his duty.

Sir Edward Belcher, the commander of the Arctic forces, who is in Wellington Channel most directly on the supposed track of Franklin, does not appear to have been able to make much way; but by travelling parties he has added to, and corrected, the known lines of coast. He has in no instance, however, met with any traces of the missing expedition, which is in every ship regarded as the main object of search.

We have now to relate the saddest incident which these interesting letters have brought to us. It being desired to communicate with Sir Edward Belcher from the other vessels before Captain Ingfield returned to England, Captain Pullen sent a party over the ice to him with despatches. No other leader being ready at the moment, Lieutenant Bellot, a young Frenchman who had distinguished himself greatly among his English comrades, by his courage, his cheerfulness, and his enthusiasm, undertook the charge of this expedition. He never returned. While standing on the summit of a hummock to make obser-

vations, he was struck by the fierce gale of the north, and hurled away into a crack upon the ice below. Two men who were with him narrowly escaped his fate. We of course hear without surprise that this calamity was felt as a personal grief and loss by all who were associated with Lieutenant Bellot. He was as gentle as he was brave, and died universally beloved. The magnetic observations made during the expedition he accompanied, were chiefly his; and remain as his legacy to science. But by the mere circumstances of his death, this young French officer has obtained rank with the men whose names Englishmen will remember through all ages with a generous emotion.

From the Spectator, Oct. 15.

RESULTS OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

THE latest intelligence from the Arctic regions may be considered to have closed the question of Sir John Franklin's fate. It is possible that individual devotion might still find sufficient motive to continue the search; it is possible that a more prompt exploration might have discovered the party, or some remaining traces; but their continued existence must now be regarded as a matter of imagination too improbable for any renewed public endeavor. The completion of the North-west passage also has terminated another motive to these Arctic expeditions; and if any similar enterprises are to be undertaken in future, it must be upon a more limited scale and for new objects.

It must have been only by a slip of the pen that a contemporary journalist dismissed the results of these expeditions as being no more than "a scratch upon the map." In one sense the remark is a truism, for the North-west passage cannot under any circumstances within our purview be converted to a commercial advantage, and it is highly improbable that agriculture can be so improved as to co-erce the frozen fields of the North to produce anything worth harvesting. The observation, however, was open to the manifest reply, in the first place, that it was desirable to attain even so much negative knowledge as has been acquired. Consequently it was necessary to complete our geography even in those inhospitable regions; for otherwise curiosity would never rest without the inquiry. Secondly, that science never can predetermine the particular objects which it shall extricate from the regions of the unknown, but must continue its explorations, so to speak, in a pious devotion to the mere pursuit of knowledge; the most admirable scientific discoveries having resulted, as the vulgar say, from "chance," but, as the better knowing say, from the continued travelling of the human mind over the region of the unknown in search of truth. It

is to be doubted whether any truth has ever been discovered in the history of mankind that has proved worthless; that has not on the contrary been the parent of other truths of the greatest value. Thirdly, such is unquestionably the case with these Arctic discoveries. They have settled some points in science respecting electricity—a science already producing fruits, and promising us more that cannot fail to be of the greatest assistance in taking the bearings of future inquiries. It is remarked in the newspapers only this week that certain places noted for cholera are noted also for their negative electricity. We use the word “negative” without the faintest conception of the real relation which the phenomena have to things that we usually call positive or negative. So little do we understand of the laws of that science which embraces the whole globe; which has a centre for some of its remarkable phenomena in the Arctic circle, and which appears to hold in some relation, at present mysterious, the forces called electricity, galvanism, magnetism, the boreal light, the vis vite, and the laws of certain diseases that sweep the globe. The practical philosophers who pursue truth through the terrible fastnesses of ice are heaping up data for future knowledge, which amount to something more than a scratch upon the map.

It is possible that such objects may be found sufficient to continue future inquiries even at the expense of the trouble and danger involved in the inquiry; for science frequently exacts such sacrifices, and the chemist in his laboratory runs dangers as critical as those which have overtaken Bellot or even Franklin. But the chief object of searching for Franklin has now been fully answered. The objects were, to find him if possible, or to find traces of him if possible; but even that modified success has not been vouchsafed in return for the courage and devotion given to the work. The one object which we could secure was to make certain that no practicable effort had been neglected; and, latterly, that object also has been thoroughly served. There is no probability that additional sacrifices would attain any results. The total absence of traces revives the recollection of the two ships that were seen on plausible testimony to be floating down from the North, and that probably, on other testimony, were recognized in wrecks near the Azores.

Captain McClure's perseverance, accompanied by his injunction *not* to send any expeditions after him, as they might double the sacrifice if he were lost, but only to leave provisions for him, is the suggestion of a great soul confronting death with the judgment un-

disturbed, and a generous parsimony of the lives of others. It is not, however, to be construed as a retrospective refutation of arguments in favor of seeking for Franklin. These late expeditions have thrown a light upon the whole subject of Arctic voyaging which we did not possess, and ought not to have presumed against efforts to discover the lost ships. Captain McClure possesses an experience which we wanted before, and he has been able to define exactly the kind of assistance which would be most practically useful in the case of his accidental detention. Besides, this negative injunction is given to us by Captain McClure himself; and it is not recorded that Franklin or his companions, on parting from the world, left behind them the request that they should not be followed. The circumstances, therefore, scientifically and morally, are now reversed; and we can conscientiously abstain from rendering, on future occasion, that aid which was no more than a moral necessity in the case of Franklin.

Nor can the history of these expeditions be dismissed without recognizing the moral as well as the scientific results. On no theatre of human action have human actions been displayed in a purer and nobler or more striking light. We need not take any single instance; we need not compare those who sought Franklin with Franklin himself and his own companions; for the story is the same of all. Bellot, who volunteered on a dangerous service, and expressed himself more happy in the middle of danger than if he had evaded it, is neither greater nor less than Richardson, who volunteered to carry a rope across a frozen river by swimming, and concealed a wound which he had, lest his companions should have prevented him. The two brave men who worked their way back to the ships after Bellot's death, with an endurance against constant danger almost incredible, repeated rather than imitated the fortitude and devotion which became habitual amongst Franklin's men on his first journey. Some of those men may have been actuated by hopes of promotion, some by love of fame; but not one of these motives would suffice to sustain men in the midst of dangers standing on broken ice in a desert sea, out of sight and hearing of any help. Nothing could sustain men under such circumstances but that courage, that unselfish desire to execute a service for science or for fellow-creatures, which is so pure as to become almost abstract. It is in this position that man appears in his noblest type; and it is almost worth going to regions so inhospitable in order to show to man, in countries where he has rather more forgotten himself, what he may be at his best.

From the Press.

The Bible and the Working Classes. By ALEX. WALLACE. Fifth Edition. Edinburgh: Oliphant.

THIS work was issued under circumstances so peculiar that we may be excused bestowing some notice on even a fifth edition of it.

In Bradford, as in other large towns, there are numbers of the working population who never think of entering a temple of public worship. What is to be done with such persons? How are they to be reclaimed? You cannot compel them to come to church, and street preaching has fallen into such disrepute since the times of Wesley and Whitfield, that it is no longer to be counted on as a means of influence. What Mr. Wallace did was to deliver a course of lectures on the Bible, in the theatre of the Bradford Mechanics' Institute, Sunday being the day selected. The experiment was hazardous, but it was successful: he obtained large and attentive audiences, and, as we are assured, awoke a religious sentiment in minds which had previously been strangers to it. The lectures, fifteen in number, are contained in this volume. As may be supposed, they are not wholly unobjectionable, but the positively good very greatly predominates over the doubtful and the bad.

The consideration which originated these lectures is undoubtedly a serious one. What is to be done with those thousands of our citizens who systematically abstain from religious worship? Such as they are, it is probable, will their children be. Shall we make no effort to rouse them to a sense of their duties? Is it impossible to devise some kind of machinery which will make them acquainted with truths it most concerns them to know? We do not want to coerce them, or to interfere with their private freedom, but we do desire that, in some way or other, they should be induced to give the claims of the Bible a fair hearing.

The time is favorable for such experiments as Mr. Wallace successfully made. Infidelity is no longer loud-tongued and ribald; it finds refuge in the cloudy mysteries of a transcendental philosophy. Lately, when the Infidel and Christian have fairly met on any popular platform, the victory of the latter has been shown not by argument only but by the suffrages of the auditory. We have now to contend with the indifference of masses of our working population, not with their hostility; and one of the great questions of our time is, how that indifference may be overcome, and how such people are to be educated to a perception of those great truths which alone can elevate their character, and make them understand the true dignity and high destinies of humanity.

There are passages in this volume admirably calculated to stir the heart of an assembly of working men, nor do we think they could be addressed in a better tone and temper than pervade the extract we subjoin:—

OUR LORD'S LOVE OF NATURE.

But no one ever loved nature with a purer, intenser love than the Saviour himself. We delight to contemplate this feature in the Saviour's character, there is so much of childlike and pure humanity about it. When He walked by the sea of Galilee, as He often did, and felt his jaded spirit soothed by the refreshing sight of its clear waters, and the musical murmur of its waves—when He pointed his hearers to the trooping ravens that hovered above Him, or to the lilies of the field that decked the sides of the mountain—or when we follow Him to the lone mountain, where He loved to retire at the close of the day when his spirit was wearied and broken down by the wickedness of his age—we feel that we are in fellowship with one who, though divine, has the purest human sympathies; and not the least attractive and prominent of these is his intense love of nature.

His frequent walks by the seashore, and on the quiet road, skirted with trees, leading from Jerusalem to Bethany—his wanderings upon the mountains, and all his many beautiful allusions to familiar but never-to-be-forgotten objects in nature, bore witness to the ardent love with which He looked upon the heavens above and the green earth beneath.

His spotless spirit was in harmony with everything that was good, and beautiful, and true. Hence some of his most striking and appropriate illustrations were taken from the mountain flowers or from the moorland birds, or from the varied forms of placid beauty or towering grandeur which the scenery of Judea daily brought before Him.

He loved the quiet, sequestered, rural retreat. His sympathies for man, and everything that was human, were of the purest, the strongest, and the most enduring character; but He loved the solitude and the calm of the mountain summit, or the woody slope, or the margin of the murmuring brook, or the lone shore of the lake, or the peaceful hamlet nestled in the forest shade, and sheltered by the towering hill, where there was little or nothing to disturb the uniform processes of social life. Hence we find Him oftentimes on the mountain, or by the seashore, or in the shady walk, or in the midst of the fruitful corn-fields.

His love of nature was intense, but not by any means ascetic—not selfish—not leading Him to overlook the great interests of congregated masses in the towns and cities of his country. He who was thrilled with the beautiful landscape of mountain, lake, and valley, of richly cultivated fields,—where art had done its utmost, or where nature was left in all its wild and native grandeur—that burst upon his view as he descended the slopes of Mount Olivet, paused in deepest anguish of spirit to weep over the guilty city that lay at its base.

We have a firm persuasion that whatever effort is made to diffuse Christianity among those who are now without the pale of its influence will meet with a kind reception, and that the benevolence which prompts will in due time meet with hearty recognition from the need which receives it.

From the Morning Chronicle.

ASCENT OF MOUNT ETNA.*

MR. WATSON, the author of a pleasant volume entitled "A Cruise in the *Ægean*," consisting of a summer excursion from Constantinople westward, took leave, in 1845, of the city of the *Cæsars* (Tzarograd), as the Turkish capital is called by the Russians. The Bosphorus and the Golden Horn presented new beauties to the departing traveller. It was with peculiar feelings that he was enabled to look back upon Old Stamboul and the shores of Asia. These he has painted with no little skill and effect. We next find him entering the Dardanelles under the influence of the morning sun. Here he was reminded in more than one place of the green meadow land, ornamented with large trees, growing singly or in clumps, that distinguish English scenery, and resembling some of the fine parks which the writer esteems as the peculiar ornament of his native land. Visiting the Greek village of Reng Keni, he describes the Sunday dress of the inhabitants:—

The day of our visit being Sunday, the villagers, all decked in their best attire, were sitting or strolling about in little groups, and their picturesque costume accorded well with the surrounding scenery. The women wear a jacket of some gay-colored material, for which, in all probability, they are indebted to the looms of Lancashire, made up, according to the approved fashion of Turkey, with a profusion of braid and ornament. As a head-dress, they have an embroidered or printed muslin handkerchief, tied on in a very tasteful manner, peculiar to the Greeks; the ends are fastened in a bow on either side just over the temple, and a thick braid of hair is laid across the forehead. If nature has not been sufficiently bountiful in this latter respect, a false substitute is employed to complete the attire. Every traveller in the Levant must have been struck with the jaunty, coquettish style of the head-dress of the Greek women; such a contrast to the ungraceful way in which the French peasants pack up their heads in a red cotton handkerchief. Many of the women and children wore a string of gold coins round the forehead and neck, so arranged as to lie flat, side by side, and extending in length, of course, according to the wealth of the wearer—a species of ornament common to both Greeks and Turks. The coin thus worn is chiefly the old yermilik, or twenty-piastre piece, about the size

of a sixpence, but much thinner, and worth three shillings, or thereabouts.

These Greco-Trojan dames and demoiselles had for the most part pleasing, intelligent countenances, without being remarkably beautiful; and they saluted us courteously with the accustomed "kalé spera," good evening. The men wore the common Greek jacket and trousers, if indeed such a name be suitable for their nether garment, which is nothing more than a loose bag, of dark-colored cloth, or cotton, with two holes in the corners, through which the legs are thrust; a long string serves to draw this bag tight round the waist, and a gaudy silk or cotton scarf answers the purpose of braces. This clumsy-looking garb is much more commonly seen on the Bosphorus than the well-known theatrical fancy-ball Greek costume; and though it may suit the slow movements of the Romaika, would be rather cumbersome for the lively waltz.

In Samothracia our traveller examined the vestiges of a temple of vast dimensions, perhaps once dedicated to Ceres and Proserpine. Here, among the ruins of an idolatrous worship, he met a Christian priest, the pastor of the village church, an old man, "more inclined to dwell upon the oppressions of the modern Turks than to expatiate upon the glories of the ancient Greeks." Mount Athos, the Isle of Lemnos, Mitylene, Scio, Tinos, and Syra have each their associations, but the two last-named have a present interest. The Roman Catholic Church stands nigh the shore, a conspicuous object; but the Greek Church is not distinctly visible from the sea. Many of the inhabitants have seceded from the Greek to the Roman Catholic form of worship and doctrine; the result, for the most part, of their admission to the colleges founded by the French missionaries. In fact, the town of Syra is divided into two distinct portions, each occupied by its sect, and an intervening space, clear of all buildings, about a furlong in length, which separates the two communities.

We hurry on to the great argument of the volume—the traveller's ascent of Mount Etna—a formidable excursion, not undertaken in emulation of Mr. Albert Smith, but, it would seem, simply improvised, while coasting the island of Sicily, by the captain and surgeon of the ship and our voyager. They made their departure from Catania at five o'clock in the afternoon, in order to reach the summit by daybreak next morning.

It must be borne in mind that the ascension of this mountain must be made from the very level of the sea, not, as in the ascent of Mount Blanc, from a valley situated at an altitude of more than 3,000 feet, which is reached by a gradual, almost imperceptible, change; and the keen, bracing air invigorates the traveller, who has here to contend with the enervating effects of an Italian sun. In this extreme change of temperature, probably, consists the real danger of the excursion, and, as

* A Cruise in the *Ægean*. By Walter Watson. London: Harrison.

will be seen in the course of my narrative, it was most severely felt by our lamented friend, the captain; indeed, I question whether it was not, in some respects, the remote cause of his premature death.

In the darkness of the night they are depicted as making the ascent, advancing through the forest, without being able to distinguish a tree from a mass of lava, while the wind whistled through the trees and the keen air afflicted their senses, with nothing to guide or guard them but the instinct and sure-footedness of the mules, who "seemed to feel their way in the dark with their hoofs, as the blind do with their hands." For two hours during the ascent our travellers slept on the backs of the faithful animals. Having arrived at the grotto Casa delle Neve, they halted, but soon mounted again. The road grew rougher, and the wind more piercing, as they emerged from the "wooded" into the "desert" region. The cold completely numbed the extremities, and strange visions visited each sleep-waking, half-chairvoyant adventurer. The blackness of the ground they traversed sufficiently accounted for the intense darkness which surrounded them, though the cloudless sky above was bespangled with brilliant stars. They bivouacked at "La Casa Inglese," a rough, substantial building, about 40 ft. by 12, consisting of three rooms, and erected as a place of refuge or rest, the key of which is confided to the guide. It was a quarter to five in the morning while the party was engaged here in refreshment; accordingly, they found it impossible to reach the summit soon enough to see the sun rise, and hastened to the brow of a neighboring hill for that purpose.

From this eminence we could command an extensive view of the Italian coast, having in the background the bold and varied outline of the Calabrian mountains. Then, indeed, the cold and fatigue of the night voyage were soon forgotten in the contemplation of this wonderful sight. The usual precursors of sunrise, the gray clouds, the red mist, and the golden halo, successively cleared away, and the glorious orb rose in cloudless majesty between the southernmost peaks of the Apennines. As there is no twilight in this latitude, the greater part of the island was thus suddenly displayed before our gaze, except where the mountain still intercepted the sun's rays. The deep shadow, not finding space, on account of its great length, to be contained within the limits of the land, rested on the gray sea-mist far away over the blue waves of the Mediterranean, where the vapory outline of the mountain seemed to be bent upwards into the air. The increasing warmth rapidly dispersed the morning mist, and opened to us a panoramic view, which, though far inferior to that seen from the crater, will yet abundantly repay the toil and expense incurred by any one who has had the good fortune to ascend even thus far in fine weather. The thermometer now stood at 45°, and the bracing air, which

was delightfully refreshing, invigorated us for the toil of climbing the crater—in itself a small mountain rising to the height of a thousand feet, and, as we found to our cost, more steep and difficult of access than all the rest of the volcano together, as far as we had to do with it. Seen from a little distance, it appears almost perpendicular, such is the steepness of the side; and the work of ascending is more than usually toilsome from the deep coating of soft ashes and scoriae, where the foot sinks without gaining a firm foothold—for half the step forward is lost in slipping backwards again. I have accomplished many a steep climb in Switzerland, where at least every step was so much distance gained; but never encountered a task to be compared with this cruelly deceptive hill, which, when we started, it seemed a bare half-hour's task to scale. The approach to the crater from the house of refuge lies over a deep bed of lava, cracked and broken, and tumbled about in masses of every possible shape and dimension, as if the Cyclops had been wont to empty in this place the refuse from this vast forge. This uncomfortable walk, where a false step would infallibly be marked by a broken shin at least, extends about a quarter of a mile, with occasional beds of firm snow to revive one's courage and comfort the feet. We had not climbed a quarter of the height before the poor doctor began to complain piteously of the painful effects of the toilsome ascent through the rarefied air, and to doubt the possibility of accomplishing our object. The sharp pains I began to feel myself—just such a sensation, in fact, as is produced by running against the wind in frosty weather—somewhat staggered my own resolution. However, I found that the pain subsided as I became gradually accustomed to the work by making frequent halts. We had not proceeded very far in this manner when the doctor gave in, lay down on his back, panting for breath, and declared he should die if he went a step further. I was greatly disappointed in being thus deprived of my companion, at a moment when, of all others, the interchange of opinion and sentiment was desirable and encouraging; but there was no help for it, so, wishing him new strength and ultimate success, I plodded on, and soon lost sight of my friend and his guide, who were hid by the irregularities of the surface—or they would shortly afterwards have seen me in a like predicament, not so much from want of breath as from the exhaustion of strength, for my legs trembled under me, and positively seemed to refuse their support. The fact is, I had been too eager at first, and did not remember De Saussure's advice, which I have many a time since followed to my comfort—"If you wish to reach the summit of a mountain, commence your ascent as if you never intended to get there."

The mouth of the crater was so distinctly visible from where I stood, that I fancied one vigorous effort would complete the task; but, alas! my hopes were doomed to cruel disappointment, when the guide, a rough, pleasant lad, coolly answered to my eager question, "How much farther to go?" "About half-way." Campbell says, "Distance lends enchantment to the view;" but never was mortal wight more thoroughly dis-

enchanted than I was by this unexpected knowledge of the distance before me. "In that case," I despondingly replied, "it is impossible for me to reach the summit." I crawled to a friendly block of lava projecting close at hand, and sat down, fairly beaten, dejected, and crestfallen. Overcome by the journey through the night, and the fatigue of the morning's work, I fell into a deep sleep, utterly unconscious and oblivious of the pains and pleasures of my singular situation. My repose lasted about five minutes, and then to what a scene I opened my eyes! Perched upon the silent rock, I seemed to be suspended in mid air, and for an instant, before I could collect my thoughts, wondered where on earth I had got to. Then first I found leisure to contemplate the strange, incomparable panorama of the volcano. The table-land, which extends to a great distance around the base of the crater, is covered with the fine sand, like black ash, deposited by the most ancient eruptions which burst from the crater's mouth, and must have been awful in the extreme. In one place the accumulated scoriae have formed a mountain equal in size to that which contains the crater; in another direction the fiery torrent has fallen precipitously down the whole height of the mountain-side, and in cooling has cracked and rent itself into a thousand wild fantastic shapes, forming a great gulf of inconceivable extent and depth. Why the pastoral name, "Val di Buà" (Valley, or Tract of the Oxen), should be given to such a place, I am at a loss to conceive. Such an appellation is, however, quite in keeping with the one which a strange conceit has given to the black, desolate plain that on three sides surrounds the Fiery Region, namely, "Pi-ana del Frumento" (the Plain of Corn)—a ghastly mockery, like crowning a skeleton with flowers.

Mr. Watson now found that the worst part of the ascent was accomplished, a considerable undulation afterwards affording facilities, and the soil becoming firmer. The ground was covered with the most beautiful crystals of sulphur and nitre, as delicate as the hoarfrost, and glowing in the morning sun with an infinite variety of color. His path lay along the edge of a vast hollow, perfectly round and smooth, and lined with a thick crust of crystallized sulphur. After descending a little way, he again clomb the steep side, and thence emerging, stood "upon the crater's burning lips," in breathless admiration.

Never before had I felt such a deep, such an awful sense of the power of the Almighty. The contrast with the plains below reminded me that

He can create, and He destroy.

I beheld a scene which no effort of imagination can presuppose, no powers of invention prepare the nerves to bear its exciting effects unmoved. Nor was I surprised to hear my friend, the doctor, who ultimately reached the crater, when I was half way down, say that he could not refrain from tears, such was his state of excitement.

We stood on the edge of a precipitous chasm,

sharp and rugged as if the mountain had just been rent asunder. The internal surface, as far as the eye could penetrate, consisted of a coating of sulphureous earth, which seemed to be continually burning without being consumed; whilst through innumerable fissures jets of flame darted up, and played over the glowing mass, dazzling the eye by the intense brightness and variety of their coloring. The jagged, irregular outline of the whole crater is divided by a vast projecting wall of rock, of most singular appearance, coated with the deposit of the fumes which rise from the great laboratory below. This sublimation, being chiefly sulphur, appeared in every shade of bright yellow, orange, and crimson, as it glittered in the morning sunbeam. Clouds of dense white vapor rose, from time to time, from the innermost depths, with a hissing, roaring sound like a mighty cataract. The occasional intermission of the rising clouds, which steamed forth from the great gulf, afforded a partial glance of the lurid fire raging in the internal abyss. All around, as far as the eye could reach, within the crater, huge masses of rock lay tumbled over each other in chaotic confusion. Such an appearance, when the volcano is in a *quiescent state*, cannot fail to impress a spectator with a fearful idea of the inconceivable powers set in operation when the pent-up fires burst their bonds, and through this chasm, which is said to be nearly three miles in extent, the mountain hurls back the rocks buried within it by the fury of some earlier commotion. For myself, I can only say, that the glorious view from the dizzy height on the one side, and on the other the bewildering noise, the dazzling glare, and the sulphureous vapor, concurred to raise a mingled feeling of admiration, awe, and terror.

Our readers will, we are sure, pardon us for having treated this subject somewhat *in extenso*. But we cannot pursue the argument of this picturesque and eloquent volume much further. We must leave the descriptions of Palermo, Naples, Rome, and other well-known places in Italy, untouched. Our author's remarks on the tendency of superstition to neglect the refined works of art, for some gross caricature connected with a miraculous legend, are valuable. The latter is, in reality, preferred by idolatrous veneration. A true religious feeling is identified with a correct taste; and the contrary has a natural proclivity to the rude, uncouth, and deformed. To the perception of beauty the mind must be trained; and its highest perceptions are inseparable from the complete cultivation of the soul by the results of knowledge and wisdom, truthfully instilled and affectionately improved.

LAMARTINE. — An eminent royalist, still living, unable to pardon one of the greatest modern poets of France for having contributed, in 1848, to the proclamation of the Republic, observed, on noticing his subsequent endeavors to calm down the enthusiasm he had so much assisted to excite, — "Ay, ay! an incendiary disguised as a fire-man!"

Parts of an Article from the Dublin University Magazine.

THE LEAVES OF OCTOBER.

THE radiant mornings, the glowing noons, the gorgeous sunsets, are all gone. Gone, too, is the sweet breath of early autumn, that set the green leaves a-trembling, but shook them not down from the sprays. And now come the gray mornings, cold and fresh; and the clouds are denser, and more frequent by day; and the evenings fade away through a shorter twilight into the night that is chill with the hoar-frost. The breezes, too, forget their gentleness, and grow wild and gusty, rending away the leaves from the boughs, whirling them through the air, and scattering them along the earth. The beautiful leaves! How they have changed "from glory to glory," from their prime in summer to their decadence in autumn, as the features of the early-dying grow pure with a lustrous beauty, beneath the touch of disease! See how yon beech glows, like burnished copper. What a pallid, sickly yellow is spreading over the ash leaf! Look at the russet livery of the oak — the pale silver of the birch — the brilliant yellow and the deep brown with which the nipping frost and the chill wind have painted here and there the foliage of the forest. Yes, the leaves have fulfilled their mission of beauty, and now fall away, as the hoary locks fall from the head of age. Well, be it so. Thank Heaven! man lives not upon the loveliness of external nature alone; and, when that fades, he can turn to the charms of things spiritual and intellectual, that are as bright and blooming in winter as in summer. Come, let us see if we have not some such pleasures at hand for you, dear readers, to win you from thoughts of sadness, if, indeed, nature suggests such thoughts to you. Is there not a spiritual wind that breathes and blows over human souls, first awakening, then stimulating and next ripening the fancy and the genius and the intellect? — and then, at last, that "wind of the Spirit" sweeps the soul with a more impetuous gust; and the matured thought, like the matured leaf, is severed from its parent, and cast abroad to the world — but O! not like the leaf, to wither and die and be forgotten. No; it remains ever fragrant, unfading, incorruptible, like those flowers which botanists tell us never perish.

Here, then, are a few leaves out of many which have fallen ripe to our hand, and we commit them to that giant spirit of civilization, which "bloweth where it listeth," and penetrates all regions of the earth — the spirit of the PRINTING-PRESS. Something we have culled to please every taste, to appeal to the intellect, or the fancy, or the heart.

THE FLOWERS OF THE TROPICS.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

C'est ainsi qu'elle a mis, entre les tropiques, la plupart des fleurs apparentes sur des arbres. J'y en ai vu bien peu dans les prairies, mais beaucoup dans les forêts. Dans ces pays, il faut lever les yeux en haut pour y voir des fleurs; dans le notre, il faut les baisser à terre. — *SANZ PIERRE. Etudes de la Nature.*

In the soft sunny regions that circle the waist

Of the globe with a girdle of topaz and gold,

Which heave with the throbbings of life where they're placed,

And glow with the fire of the heart they enfold:

Where to live, where to breathe seems a paradise-dream —

A dream of some world more elysian than this —

Where if death and if sin were away, it would seem

Not the foretaste alone, but the fulness of bliss.

Where all that can gladden the sense or the sight —

Fresh fruitage as cool and as crimson as even —

Where the richness and rankness of nature unite To build the frail walls of the Sybarite's heaven.

But O! should the heart feel the desolate dearth Of some purer enjoyment to speed the bright hours,

In vain through the leafy luxuriance of earth

Looks the languid-lit eye for the freshness of flowers.

No, its glance must be turned from the earth to the sky —

From the clay-rooted grass to the heaven-branching trees —

And there, O! enchantment for soul and for eye, Hang blossoms so pure that an angel might seize;

Thus, when pleasure begins from its sweetness to cloy,

And the warm heart grows rank like a soil over-ripe,

We must turn from the earth for some promise of joy,

And look up to Heaven for a holier type.

In the climes of the north, which alternately shine —

Now warm with the sunshine, now white with the snow —

And which, like the breast of the earth they entwine,

Grow chill with its chillness, or glow with its glow.

In those climes where the soul on more vigorous wing

Rises soaring to Heaven in its rapturous flight, And led over on by the radiance they fling,

Tracketh star after star through infinitude's night.

How oft doth the seer, from his watch-tower on high,

Scan the depths of the heavens with his wonderful glass,

And, like Noah of old, when earth's creatures
went by,

Name the orbs and the sun-lighted spheres as
they pass !

How often, when drooping, and weary, and
worn,

With fire-throbbing temples and star-dazzled
eyes,

Does he turn from his glass at the breaking of
morn,

And exchanges for flowers all the wealth of the
skies !

Ah ! thus should we mingle the far and the
near,

And while striving to pierce what the Godhead
conceals,

From the far heights of science look down with a
fear

To the lowliest truths the same Godhead
reveals.

When the rich fruit of joy glads the heart and
the mouth,

Or the bold wing of thought leads the daring
soul forth.

Let us pause and look up as for Flowers of the
South —

Let us humbly look down as for Flowers of the
North.

ON THE DEATH OF GEN. SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

Would War were dead ! . . Yet when a war-
rior dies

Like this one, to his knell a pulse rebounds —

Our world is poorer by a noble man.

Napier is hushed — fierce conqueror of Scinde

And righteous ruler. Through a sickly frame,

Shattered with war, the spiritual fire

Blazed torchlike on the battle's vanward surge ;

And over great submissive monarchies

Shone steady and benign. From east to west

All true men hail'd the heroic fulgency

Lit from Truth's altar ; but the false and mean

Transfixed with rays like bayonets, cowered and

cursed.

A noble man — in two words, not in one,

And England bankrupt for the difference !

Yet England knew him, and a richer wreath

Had crowned, in proof, the statue of his fame,

Were they, from all who could not reach so

high,

The best and not the impudentest few,

Upon the platform. As the record is,

Napier ennobles England. Be it so.

Sleep, thou war-shattered frame ! Brave spirit,

rise

From the yet warlike earth to a grander world,

And clothe thyself in God's eternal peace !

W. ALLINGHAM.

DOMINICK'S CAVE.

BY A. S. F.

[This cave, now tenantless and overgrown, its doorway
draped with wild roses, is situated in an almost inaccessible
part of the steep wood of Kilcara, which, with its
beautiful indigenous trees, overhangs the river Feale, not
far from Abbeyfeale, in the county Kerry. The story of
Dominick, so wild and deeply suggestive, was related in
this wood to the author some years ago.]

The cuckoo speaketh* loud and clear in sweet
Kilcara wood,

With joyous heart she speaketh out in the full
solitude,

While all unheeded at her side, enchained by
wondering fear,

The gubbethawn † mid shaded leaves in silence
sitteth near.

The robin ditteth here and there with gladsome,
holy note,

While high and lone the cloistered thrush swell-
eth her regal throat ;

Through all the steep wood is a sound of restless
twittering things,

Though the still leaves with kisses lure to rest
the busy wings.

Far out the hills lie silent, as if lost in dreams
unknown,

Now sinking softly nearer earth, now sweeping
upward lone ;

Their brows are lying heavenward, but their life
is all a trance,

While a busy life low at their feet mirrors heav-
en's countenance.

O, Feale ! how surely, earnestly, she seeks the
unseen deep,

Past the proud gloom of Purtenard, soft sighing
as in sleep,

Now under wild Kilcara wood, with shadowed
bosom creeping,

And now down sweet Duagh's wide vale, in open
joyance sweeping.

How bright the living waters flow among the
dream-locked hills !

How cheerfully their airy voice the slumbering
valley fills !

Rough is that way o'er which they stray, heaven-
lit in crystal gladness,

While here, where wide and smooth they glide,
their depths are filled with sadness.

O, deeply sink those waters pure beneath Kilcara
wood !

They seem to pause and deepen down on some
sad tale to brood ;

My thoughts flow with them, gathering in upon
the tender wave,

For o'er this spot, though we see it not, is Dom-
inick's empty cave.

High up within the steep wild wood lies hid that
lonely home,

There did he dwell, that robber bold, where
never foot did come,

Therein stole Spring, with spirit breath to warm
the icéd boughs,

And Autumn bare, with her still air, so pure on
passionate brows.

Such were his only visitors, thus did they come
and go,

But of their speech with him so lone, I cannot
guess nor know ;

* This word, so peculiarly expressive of the
cuckoo's note, the author has from the poor about
Kilcara ; only they would call it "spakes."

† This word comes from the same source as the
above — being the Irish name for the little bird
that follows the cuckoo.

Unhidden carolled the gay birds, nor shrank
before his eye,
And the tiny flowers about his bed, unblamed
did bloom and die.

Yet while the meek flowers with mild glee looked
up into his face,
And the poor with deep, impassioned love kept
safe his lurking place,
Fearfully rang throughout the land the robber's
evil fame,
And gentle tongues, in quiet halls, with shud-
dering spoke his name.

He had seen the rich men travelling past in
greatness and in pride,
He had seen the poor, wrestling with want, grow
death-pale at his side ;
In dark he walked, nor looked to God for patience
and for cure,
But rushed forth mad on those who had, and
robbed them for the poor.

They have sought him long and wearily the Ker-
ry woods amid ;
In every cabin have they asked where Dominick
lieth hid ;
But they may seek him wearily and long both
night and day,
Before they find, in hedge or hut, one tongue that
will betray !

How carelessly sits Dominick beneath the even-
ing red,
Among the ferns and bloomy flowers — with a
price upon his head !
A silvery birchen bough above him rocketh 'neath
the sky,
And a robin rocketh 'mid its leaves, and singeth
tenderly.

Alone he sits, but never a thought of care or fear
will have —
He trusteth to the steep, rough wood and to his
hidden cave ;
He sits in sun and cleans from blood both sword
and dagger bright,
And smiles to himself with a proud, glad smile
as they catch the western light.

There as he sits, a stealthy eye and foot the
woodpaths find.
What matters it? They will pass as erst, and
leave him safe behind.
So had they passed, but a sudden gleam hath
struck that passing eye,
And, searching deep the wood's soft sleep, it is
raised intent on high.

Yes, there he sitteth full in sight, with his
rugged hero-brow,
Upon whose heat the shadows sweet drop cool
from bird and bough,
His brightening sword beams glad on its lord,
upguiding straight the while
Death's steadfast bolt to his very heart, with its
silent traitor-smile !

Forth bursts that bolt, and all the wood seems
stricken into death,
So breathless is the sudden hush, above, around,
beneath ;

Then softly song by song awoke, till all was as
before,
But Dominick lay, still as the clay, and never
wakened more.

Fast o'er the wild flowers — fast, O ! fast — the
noble heart flows forth ;
It gushes out, and sinks, sinks down fast in the
drinking earth,
A noble heart? Yes, yes, though rough and
ruined in its mould,
It sinned not in ruthlessness, nor selfish thirst for
gold.

And still in sweet Kilcara wood is Dominick's
lonely cave,
Not to be gained by any but a footstep eager-
brave ;
And when earth groweth full of flowers, God
hangeh in the sight,
Before that dark cave's desolate door, a veil of
roses white.

They spring from clay, and every spray windeth
in earthly bands,
Yet fair they are, as if let down from heaven by
angel hands,
As pitying sad as thoughts that fill the Chris-
tian's radiant ark,
At sight of brother heart without lone heaving in
the dark.

But hark ! the cuckoo speaks again, and wakes
me with clear tone,
A dove that tells of Eden-joy, and will not mourn
it gone ;
She follows Spring's swift-flying wings, and visits
our cold years,
To waken up our sleeping hope, and start us from
our tears !

Glad, homeless dove, that cannot find rest for
thy joyful foot,
Which will not brook a withering world where
life and joy are mute ;
When thou dost speak of heavenly peace that is
“ not dead but sleeps,”
Shall souls redeemed thy ardors hear, nor answer
from their deeps ?

Rejoicing bird, thy prophet voice hath won my
heart within,
I see the new heavens and new earth unshaded
by our sin,
That is the dream that stills those hills — the
smile upon that wave,
And the tender light of those roses white that
hide poor Dominick's cave !

THE FALSE ONE.

The summer stars were burning on the sea,
The moon was soft upon the purple lea,
When O, my love, I sat alone with thee.

My happiness had made my manhood weak —
I felt thy sweet breath blowing on my cheek ;
My heart was full of love — I could not speak.

Thy kisses fell like showers on my brow ;
The hand I clasped was soft as mountain snow ;
My heart, O, break, fond heart ! is colder now.

The rain is weeping on the homeless hills ;
The streams are wild around the silent mills—
All things are desolate ; my bosom fills

With longings wild and sorrowful !—O, vain
I strive to clasp her starlike form again !—
False—false—is burnt upon my weary brain.

O, give me rest ! the stars above have rest ;
The warm earth slumbers on the ocean's breast,
My bosom gives no echo to their rest.

Fierce as the tempest battling in a glen ;
Cold as the rushes shivering on the fen ;
So fierce—so cold are all my thoughts within.

False—false—my heart is whirling blind and
strong,
Like a star-shivered planet. O, how long
Must I endure the throbbing of this wrong !
J. S.

SORROW ON THE SEA.

There is sorrow on the sea, it cannot be quiet.
JEREMIAH xlii. 23.

Sorrow upon thy drear expanse, thou broad, un-
bounded main ;
Is this the reason why we hear thy moaning
voice complain ?

Sorrow, a tenant of the cells, far down beneath
thy breast,
Is this the secret of thy gloom—the source of
thine unrest ;

That ceaseless tossing to and fro, alike by night
and day,

Is it the heaving of the grief that passeth not
away ?

It well may be, for earth has those within whose
hearts lie deep

The bitter springs of hidden woe that will not let
them sleep ;

There are amidst its busy throng, and not a
few, o'er whom

Still hangs a sadness like to thine, and haunts
them to the tomb ;

And such will ever seek thy shore, as though
they found from thee

A more than mortal fellowship, than human
sympathy !

But wherefore sorrowest thou, wild sea ! why
shouldst thou have to share

The burden of the troubled doom which erring
man must bear ?

Is it that vain remorse is thine for deeds that
thou hast done,

The darkest and the cruellest e'er wrought be-
neath the sun ?

Is it that thou dost mourn for those, the young,
the bright, the brave,

Whom thou hast swept relentlessly 'neath thine
engulphing wave ?

Or sorrowest thou that it should be thy lot to
keep apart

Full many a friend's embracing hand, and
lover's yearning heart,

From those for whom their tears are poured,
their sighs are spent in vain,
Whom 't were for earth too deep a bliss to meet
but once again ?

The sternest of dividers thou, save Death, art
ever found,

And well may sadness shroud thy face, and
mingle with thy sound !

Whate'er its source, this much we know, that
sorrow broods o'er thee,
And will not let thy waters rest, thou melancholy
sea !

We know that as the rain and dew from thee are
lent to earth,

To bid its valleys laugh and sing, and clothe its
hills with mirth ;

So still from thee shall rise the cloud to darken
sky and shore,

Till sorrow's type and sorrow's self with thee
shall be no more !*

R. C.

But the wind comes gustily from yon hill-
top, and all across the upland. Now it rushes
through the pleasant nook where we have
been sitting this half hour selecting these
spirit-leaves for you, and it flutters them, and
well-nigh snatches them from our hands ; and
there now it speeds on, and whirls through
our favorite grove ; and the trees sigh and
murmur from out their green hearts ; then
the leaves come pattering down like rain upon
the gravelled alleys, where they lie like a
carpet of many hues, soon, alas ! to be soiled
with the rain, and to rot in the dew, and be
trodden under foot. Well, be it so. New
leaves will bud in spring-time and swell in
summer, and drop again in autumn—dying
ever, yet ever renewing. And so, for a season,
farewell.

From a Correspondent of the Spectator.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

Of all the anomalies in the world, China is
the greatest. Tracing its origin back through
the mists of mythology to the time when the
smoke of sacrifice went up from the heights
of Ararat, and Nimrod hunted the buffalo in
the plains of Shinar, the Chinese empire still
remains a problem to the philosopher, the
naturalist, and the antiquary. While Pythag-
oras was disputing in the schools of Crotona,
Confucius was firmly laying the foundation of
a system which the theological acuteness of a
Schaal and the theological zeal of a Verbiest
have attacked in vain. Indeed, as far as it
is possible to judge, China is not more Chris-
tian now in the days of Gutzlaff than she was
in the days of Ruggio or of Ricci ; she has
rather gone back than progressed. And yet
a shorter interval than has elapsed between

* And there was no more sea. — Rev. xxi. 1.

the mission of Confucius and the Protestant mission has witnessed the rise, civilization, and extinction of the empires of Greece and Rome.

Nor is this retrogressive spirit the characteristic of her religion alone. We have no reason to believe that the Chinese were worse off as regards the arts and sciences at the time when Marco Polo traversed the wilds of Cathay, or De Gama doubled Cape Comorin, than she was when Macartney refused to prostrate himself at Zhehol, or Amherst was expelled from Peking. And yet the interval that has elapsed has witnessed the development of the magnet, the discoveries of Galileo, the ingenuity of a Caxton, and the profound mechanical genius of a Watt. Nor is it easy to see the cause of all this deterioration in the midst of improvement, of this retrogression in the midst of progress. To other nations the labor of development was superadded to the labor of discovery. It was not so with the Chinese. From time immemorial, the power of the loadstone and the power of gunpowder was handed down to the inhabitants of China as an hereditary possession. What were mysterious novelties to Europeans were comparatively familiar objects to the descendants of Shem. And yet, notwithstanding this priority of invention, it would be absurd to compare the most illiterate captain of an European merchantman with the most accomplished Chinese admiral, or the most superficial Woolwich cadet with the most accomplished Chinese engineer. The history of Chinese invention is indeed the most paradoxical that can be imagined. How it came to pass, that, having discovered so much, they should have discovered no more—how, possessing a knowledge of the properties of gunpowder, they should have applied it to no other use than the composition of a few squibs or catherine wheels—or how, with an insight into the properties of the magnet, they should yet have launched their frail barks on the waters of the Pacific with no better guide than a piece of seaweed, a wild-hird, or a star—is to us a problem as interesting as it is profound. Nor does a contemplation of the circumstances of the case raise our hopes with regard to the prospect of any future reformation. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. A half-witted man will cling to fallacies even more firmly than a fool. The Chinaman who, with a dim belief of some undefined Providence, is content to worship in the pagoda of his forefathers, is not likely to look with satisfaction even at the heresies of the Trimetric Classic. And how is this phenomenon to be accounted for? How is it that while all other nations have advanced with the march of civilization, this nation alone has stood still, and while all other nations have owed

their advancement to the arts, this nation, the parent of those arts, has alone rejected their influence? The constitution of a Chinese is as sound as the constitution of an European. His mental faculties are in every way equal to his physical. No porter on the quays of Liverpool can lift a weight which a Coolie on the wharves of Canton would not lift after him. The best master-potter in the manufactories of Worcester or of Birmingham does not follow the rules of his art with greater nicety, or mould a more correct model, than the porcelain-maker of Peking. The truth is, Nature is not responsible for his singular deficiencies. It is in his social code, in his popular institutions, above all in his religion, that the causes of Chinese shortcomings are to be found.

A glance across the Himalayah is enough to inspire us with a dread of paternal government forever. Nowhere is there to be seen a more emphatic instance of its complete and ignominious failure. Blest with a country the most magnificent in the world, everywhere human policy is discovered warring, and that too successfully, with the gifts of Nature. Abounding in rivers the most fruitful, the fisherman of China can find no better instrument for entrapping his prey than the beak of a well-trained pelican. In the midst of land that invites cultivation the most successful, the agriculturist can find no better substitute for a plough than a rake, and no better reaping-machine than a knife. On the bosom of lakes equal in extent to the lakes of the New World, no more graceful form is seen than that of a boat which would put to shame for sluggishness and inconvenience the state barge of a Lord Mayor. The vaunted discoverers of the magnet can boast of no better vessels than a junk, and of no longer voyages than a few timid trips to the Eastern Archipelago. The inventors of gunpowder prefer a bow to a musket; and the mechanic who can imitate the machinery of a watch is yet content to pick up his scanty meal of rice with a chop-stick. It is a strange anomaly that confesses that the people to whom Europe owes the glories of a Van Dyck and a Murillo can themselves exhibit specimens of art no better than the caricatures which adorn the obelisks of Grand Cairo. Endowed beyond all other nations with the genius of invention, it should seem that the Chinese beyond any other nation stand in need of the genius for application. They are in the condition of a people who have eyes and see not, and ears and cannot hear.

Of all their national characteristics, their immobility is the strongest. Long ere venturesome travellers had tempted the Indian seas, dim and mysterious accounts of a people who lived under an imperial father, who possessed

a legislature the most paternal, and a moral code the most domestic in the world, reached the Eastern corner of Europe. The same accounts that awakened the curiosity of our forefathers fill their posterity with wonder. The Chinese are the same to-day that they were centuries ago. Had the Seven Sleepers reposed in one of the palaces of Nankin, they would have discovered no novelties to harass their credulity when they awoke.

In this singular feature of longieval identity the inhabitants of China resemble nothing so much as one of the figures on their own porcelain jars. Time cannot change or efface it; but it is no more the representative of an ordinary mortal than a Chinese is like any other created being. The materials for making an exquisite portrait are there, it is true; but as it is, the proportions are a caricature, and their mental symmetry shares the defect of their physical. With a moral code not altogether unworthy of a Christian, is mingled a philosophy the most childish and impure. At one time commanded to live like brothers, at another time they are enjoined not "to live under the same heaven with the injurer or oppressor." At one moment ordered to treat others as they would treat themselves, at another they are enjoined not "to legislate for barbarians." Confucius himself never displayed his own barbarity so strikingly as when he gave his followers this command. From the author of "The Infalible Medium" more moderation might have been expected. It is to China that we must look to see the effects of a system based not on the principle of a political independence and a limited equality, but on the principle of a social dependence and a filial subordination.

It is such a state of things that is preëminently favorable to a revolution. The same law of paternal authority that supports Heinfung at Peking has guided Tae-ping to the walls of Nankin. And to this same law one or other of the imperial patriarchs must fall a victim. To most Europeans it is a matter of indifference which shall succeed. Few care whether the descendant of Ming or the descendant of Koblai Khan shall issue orders from the palace of Canton or Peking to more than a hundred million of slaves. But the thoughtful mind will find room enough for a preference. What opportunities for reform, and what stimulants to a reformation, will not the successful aggressor possess! Old national associations, old sacred traditions, a long heritage of antique customs and of antique superstitions, will have to be abused on the one hand and disused on the other. Of all reformations in the world the reformation of China would be the most stupendous; and of all reformers

the man who shall throw open the wharves of Nankin and the streams of the Yangtse Kiang and the Hoang Ho, who shall substitute spires for pagodas, and the doctrine of Christ for the doctrine of Confucius or of Fo, will deserve most at the hands of civilization. We do not say that Tae-ping will become a subject just yet for the labors of the S. P. C. K. But we do say that he who ceases to go back has begun to go forward.

The first remove from retrogression is the first step to progress. It is not too much to hope that the man who has already exhibited all the iconoclastic enthusiasm of the Isaurian Leo, with all the patriotic indignation of a Larochejacquelin, may yet win for himself a niche among the Luthers and Melancthons of the world.

THE MOUNTAINS IN THE MOON. — It is an ascertained fact that there are three classes of lunar mountains. The first consists of isolated, separate, distinct mountains of a very curious character. The distinguishing characteristic of these mountains is this—they start up from a plain quite suddenly. On the earth it is well-known that mountains generally go in ranges of groups; but we find these isolated lunar mountains standing up entirely apart, never having been connected with any range. The one named Pico is 9,000 feet high. This mountain has the form of an immense sugar-loaf; and if our readers can imagine a fairly-proportioned sugar-loaf, 9,000 feet in height, and themselves situated above it, so as to be able to look down upon its apex, they will have an approximate idea of the appearance of Pico. There are many other mountains of a similar description scattered over the moon's surface; and these mountains not only stand apart from each other, but, what is still more remarkable, the plains on which they stand are but slightly disturbed. How singular, then, the influence that shot the mountain up 9,000 feet, and yet scarcely disturbed the plain in the immediate neighborhood! The second class of lunar elevations consists of mountain ranges. Now, this is the principal feature of the mountains on earth. This phenomenon is also found in the moon, but there it is the exception; only two principal ranges are found, and these appear to have been originally one range. One is called the Apennines. It is so well seen, that, just as the line of light is passing through the moon, you will think it is, generally speaking, a crack in its surface; but a telescope of ordinary power will at once manifest it to be a range of mountains. The lunar Apennines may be compared with the loftiest range of mountains upon earth. It is 18,000 feet high, and there is another range still higher, rising 25,000 feet above its base. In this feature, then, the moon corresponds with the earth, but with this difference—what is the rule on the earth is the exception in the moon. — *Literary Journal.*